AMPHITRYON;

OR,

The Two Sosia's.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal.

Egregiam verò laudem, & spolia ampla refertis;
Una, dolo, Divûm, si Fœmina victa duorum est. Virg.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Second Edition.

1690

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judges Head* near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-street*. 1694.

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To the Honourable

Sir *WILLIAM LEVISON GOWER*, Bar.

THere is one kind of Vertue, which is inborn in the Nobility, and indeed in moſt of the Ancient Families of this Nation; they are not apt to inſult on the Misfortunes of their Countrymen. But you, Sir, I may tell it you without Flattery, have grafted on this natural Commiſſeration, and rais'd it to a Nobler Vertue: As you have been pleas'd to honour me, for a long time, with ſome part of your Eſteem and your good Will; ſo in particular, ſince the late Revolution, you have increas'd the Proofs of your kindneſs to me; and not ſuffer'd the difference of Opinions, which produce ſuch Hatred and Enmity in the brutal Part of Human kind, to remove you from the ſettled Baſis of your good Nature and good Sence. This Nobleneſs of yours, had it been exercis'd on an Enemy, had certainly been a Point of Honour, and as ſuch I might have juſtly recommended it to the World: But that of Conſtancy to your former Choice, and the purſuance of your firſt Favours, are Vertues not overcommon amongſt *Engliſh* Men. All things of Honour have, at beſt, ſomewhat of Oſtentation in them, and Self-love; there is a Pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done. But to proceed in the ſame Tract of Goodneſs, Favour, and Protection, is to ſhew that a Man is acted by a thorough Principle: It carries ſomewhat of Tenderneſs in it, which is Humanity in a Heroical Degree; 'tis a kind of unmoveable good Nature; a word which is commonly Deſpis'd, becauſe it is ſo ſeldom Practis'd. But after all, 'tis the moſt generous Vertue, oppos'd to the moſt degenerate Vice, which is that of Ruggedneſs and Harſhneſs to our Fellow Creatures.

'Tis upon this knowledge of you, Sir, that I have choſen you, with your permiſſion, to be the Patron of this Poem. And, as ſince this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the beſt Pattern of Humanity, the Earl of *Leiceſter*; I ſhall continue to follow the ſame Method, in all, to whom I ſhall Addreſs; and endeavour to pitch on ſuch only, as have been pleas'd to own me in this Ruin of my ſmall Fortune; who, though they are of a contrary Opinion themſelves, yet blame not me for adhering to a loſt Cauſe; and judging for my ſelf what I cannot chuſe but judge; ſo long as I am a patient Sufferer, and no diſturber of the Government. Which, if it be a ſevere Penance, as a great Wit has told the World, 'tis at leaſt enjoyn'd me by my ſelf: And *Sancho Panca*, as much a Fool as I, was obſerv'd to diſcipline his Body, no farther than he found he could endure the ſmart.

You ſee, Sir, I am not entertaining you, like *Ovid*, with a Lamentable Epiſtle from *Pontus*; I ſuffer no more, than I can eaſily undergo; and ſo long as I enjoy my Liberty, which is the Birth-right of an *Engliſh* Man, the reſt ſhall never go near my Heart. The Merry Philoſopher is more to my Humour than the Melancholick; and I find no diſpoſition in my ſelf to Cry, while the mad World is daily ſupplying me with ſuch Occaſions of Laughter. The more reaſonable ſort of my Countrymen, have ſhewn ſo much favour to this Piece, that they give me no doubt of their Protection for the future.

As you, Sir, have been pleas'd to follow the Example of their Goodneſs, in favouring me: So give me leave to ſay, that I follow yours in this Dedication, to a Perſon of a different Perſwaſion. Though I muſt confeſs withal, that I have had a former Encouragement from you for this Addreſs; and the warm Remembrance of your noble Hoſpitality to me at *Trentham*, when ſome years ago I viſited my Friends and Relations in your Country, has ever ſince given me a violent Temptation to this boldneſs.

'Tis true, were this Comedy wholly mine, I ſhould call it a Trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your Patronage; but when the Names of *Plautus* and *Moliere* are joyn'd in it; that is, the two greateſt Names of Ancient and Modern Comedy, I muſt not preſume ſo far on their Reputation, to think their beſt and moſt unqueſtion'd Productions can be term'd Little. I will not give you the trouble, of acquainting you what I have added, or alter'd in either of them, ſo much it may be for the worſe; but only that the difference of our Stage from the *Roman* and the *French* did ſo require it. But I am afraid, for my own Intereſt, the World will too eaſily diſcover, that more than half of it is mine; and that the reſt is rather a lame Imitation of their Excellencies, than a juſt Tranſlation. 'Tis enough, that the Reader know by you, that I neither deſerve nor deſire any Applauſe from it: If I have perform'd any thing, 'tis the Genius of my Authors that inſpired me; and if it has pleas'd in Repreſentation, let the Actors ſhare the Praiſe amongſt themſelves. As for *Plautus* and *Moliere*, they are dangerous People; and I am too weak a Gameſter to put my ſelf into their Form of Play. But what has been wanting on my Part, has been abundantly ſupplied by the Excellent Compoſition of Mr. *Purcell*; in whoſe Perſon we have at length found an *Engliſh-man*, equal with the beſt abroad. At leaſt my Opinion of him has been ſuch, ſince his happy and judicious Performances in the late *Opera*; and the Experience I have had of him, in the ſetting my three Songs for this *Amphitryon*: To all which, and particularly to the Compoſition of the *Paſtoral Dialogue*, the numerous Quire of Fair Ladies gave ſo juſt an Applauſe on the Third Day. I am only ſorry, for my own ſake, that there was one Star wanting, as Beautiful as any in our Hemiſphere; that young *Berenice*, who is miſimploying all her Charms on ſtupid Country Souls, that can never know the Value of them; and loſing the Triumphs, which are ready prepar'd for her in the Court and Town. And yet I know not whether I am ſo much a loſer by her abſence; for I have reaſon to apprehend the ſharpneſs of her Judgment, if it were not allay'd with the ſweetneſs of her Nature; and after all, I fear ſhe may come time enough, to diſcover a Thouſand Imperfections in my Play, which might have paſs'd on Vulgar Underſtandings. Be pleas'd to uſe the Authority of a Father over her, on my behalf; enjoyn her to keep her own Thoughts of *Amphitryon* to her ſelf; or at leaſt not to compare him too ſtrictly with *Moliere*'s. 'Tis true, I have an Intereſt in this Partiality of hers; but withal, I plead ſome ſort of Merit for it, in being ſo Particularly as I am,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

October 24, 1690.

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

Amphitryon; or, *The Two Socia's.*

Spoken by Mr. *Bracegirdle.*

THE lab'ring Bee, when his ſharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his Golden Work, and turns a Drone:
Such is a Satyr, when you take away
That Rage, in which his Noble Vigour lay.
What gain you, by not ſuffering him to teize ye?
He neither can offend you, now, nor pleaſe ye.
The Honey-bag, and Venome, lay ſo near,
That both, together, you reſolv'd to tear;
And loſt your Pleaſure, to ſecure your Fear.
How can he ſhow his Manhood, if you bind him
To box, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind him?
This is plain levelling of Wit; in which
The Poor has all th' advantage, not the Rich.
The Blockhead ſtands excus'd, for wanting Senſe;
And Wits turn Blockheads in their own defence.
Yet, though the Stages Traffick is undone,
Still Julian's *interloping Trade goes on:*
Though Satyr on the Theatre you ſmother,
Yet in Lampoons, you Libel one another.
The firſt produces ſtill, a ſecond Jig;
You whip 'em out, like School-boys, till they gig:
And, with the ſame ſucceſs, we Readers gueſs;
For, ev'ry one, ſtill dwindles to a leſs.
And much good Malice, is ſo meanly dreſt,
That we wou'd laugh, but cannot find the Jeſt.

If no advice your Rhiming Rage can stay,
Let not the Ladies suffer in the Fray.
Their tender Sex, is priviledg'd from War;
'Tis not like Knights, to draw upon the Fair.
What Fame expect you from so mean a Prize?
We wear no murd'ring Weapons, but our Eyes.
Our Sex, you know, was after yours design'd;
The last Perfection of the Maker's mind:
Heav'n drew out all the Gold for us, and left your Dross behind.
Beauty, for Valour's best Reward, He chose;
Peace, after War; and after Toil, Repose.
Hence ye Prophane; excluded from our sights;
And charm'd by Day, with Honour's vain delights,
Go, make your best of solitary Nights.
Recant betimes, 'tis prudence to submit:
Our Sex, is still your Overmatch, in Wit:
We never fail, with new, successful Arts,
To make fine Fools of you; and all your Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,	Mr. *Betterton.*
MERCURY,	Mr. *Lee.*
PHOEBUS,	Mr. *Bowman.*
AMPHITRYON,	Mr. *Williams.*
SOSIA,	Mr. *Nokes.*
GRIPUS,	Mr. *Sandford.*
POLIDAS.	Mr. *Bright.*
TRANIO,	Mr. *Bowen.*
ALCMENA,	Mrs. *Barry.*
PHÆDRA,	Mrs. *Mountford.*
BROMIA,	Mrs. *Corey.*
NIGHT,	Mrs. *Butler.*

AMPHI-

AMPHITRYON;

Or, The Two

SOCIA'S.

The Scene *THEBES.*

Mercury *and* **Phœbus** *deſcend in ſeveral Machines.*

Phœb. KNOW you the Reaſon of this preſent Summons?
'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heav'n;
What buſineſs has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why we two of all the Herd of Gods
Are choſen out to meet him in Conſult?
They call me God of Wiſdom,
But *Mars* and *Vulcan*, the two Fools of Heav'n,
Whoſe Wit lies in their Anvil and their Sword,
Know full as much as I.

Merc. And *Venus* may know more than both of us,
For 'tis ſome Petticoat Affair I gueſs,
I have diſcharg'd my Duty; which was to ſummon you, *Phœbus*: we ſhall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father; for, to confeſs the Truth, we two are little better than Sons of Harlots: and if *Jupiter* had not been pleas'd to take a little pains with our Mothers, inſtead of being Gods, we might have been a couple of Linck-Boys.

Phœb. But know you nothing farther, *Hermes?* What news in Court?

Merc. There has been a deviliſh Quarrel, I can tell you, betwixt *Jupiter* and *Juno*: She threaten'd to ſue him in the Spiritual Court, for ſome Matrimonial Omiſſions; and he ſtood upon his Prerogative. Then ſhe hit him on the Teeth of all his Baſtards; and your Name and mine were us'd with leſs reverence than became our Godſhips. They were both in their Cups; and at the laſt the matter grew ſo high, that they were ready to throw Stars at one anothers Heads.

Phœb. 'Twas

Phœb. 'Twas happy for me that I was at my Vocation, driving Day-light about the World; but I had rather ſtand my Father's Thunderbolts, than my Step-mother's Railing.

Merc. When the Tongue-battle was over, and the Championeſs had harneſs'd her Peacocks, to go for *Samos*, and hear the Prayers that were made to her———

Phœb. By the way her Worſhippers had a bad time on't; ſhe was in a damnable Humour for receiving Petitions———

Merc. Jupiter immediately beckons me aſide; and charges me, that as ſoon as ever you had ſet up your Horſes, you and I ſhou'd meet him here at *Thebes*: now, putting the Premiſes together, as dark as it is, methinks I begin to ſee Day-light.

Phœb. As plain as one of my own Beams; ſhe has made him uneaſie at home, and he is going to ſeek his Diverſion abroad: I ſee Heav'n it ſelf is no priviledg'd Place for happineſs, if a Man muſt carry his Wife along with him.

Merc. 'Tis neither better nor worſe upon my Conſcience: he is weary of hunting in the ſpacious Forreſt of a Wife, and is following his Game *incognito*, in ſome little Purliew here at *Thebes*; that's many an honeſt Man's Caſe on Earth too, *Jove* help 'em; as indeed he does to make 'em Cuckolds.

Phœb. But if ſo *Mercury*, then I, who am a Poet, muſt indite his Love-letter; and you, who are by Trade a Porter, muſt convey it.

Merc. No more, he's coming down ſowſe upon us, and hears as far as he can ſee too; he's plaguy hot upon the buſineſs, I know it by his hard driving. [Jupiter *deſcends.*

Jupiter. What, you are deſcanting upon my Actions?
Much good may do you with your Politicks:
All Subjects will be cenſuring their Kings.
Well, I confeſs I am in love; what then?

Phœb. Some Mortal, we preſume, of *Cadmus*'s Blood:
Some *Theban* Beauty; ſome new *Semele*,
Or ſome *Europa*.

Merc. I'll ſay that for my Father, he's conſtant to an handſome Family: He knows when they have a good ſmack with 'em; and ſuffs up Incenſe ſo ſavourly, when 'tis offer'd him by a fair Hand.

Jup. Well, my familiar Sons, this ſawcy Carriage
I have deſerv'd; for he who truſts a Secret
Makes his own Man his Maſter.
I read your Thoughts;
Therefore you may as ſafely ſpeak as think.

Merc. Mine was a very homely Thought: I was conſidering into what form your Almighty-ſhip would be pleas'd to transform your ſelf to night. Whether you wou'd fornicate in the Shape of a Bull, or a Ram, or an Eagle, or a Swan: What Bird or Beaſt you wou'd pleaſe to honour, by tranſgreſſing your own Laws, in his likeneſs; or in ſhort, whether you wou'd recreate your ſelf in Feathers, or in Leather?

Phœb. Any

Phœb. Any diſguiſe to hide the King of Gods.
Jup. I know your Malice, *Phœbus*, you wou'd ſay
That when a Monarch ſins it ſhou'd be ſecret;
To keep exteriour ſhow of Sanctity;
Maintain Reſpect, and cover bad Example:
For Kings and Prieſts are in a manner bound
For Reverence ſake to be cloſe Hypocrites.
Phœb. But what neceſſitates you to this Love,
Which you confeſs a Crime, and yet commit?
For to be ſecret makes not ſin the leſs:
'Tis only hidden from the vulgar view:
Maintains, indeed, the Reverence due to Princes,
But not abſolves the Conſcience from the Crime.
Jup. I love, becauſe 'twas in the Fates I ſhou'd.
Phœb. With reverence be it ſpoke, a bad excuſe:
Thus every wicked Act in Heav'n or Earth,
May make the ſame defence; but what is Fate?
Is it a blind contingence of Events?
Or ſure neceſſity of Cauſes linck'd,
That muſt produce Effects? or is't a Pow'r
That orders all things by Superior Will,
Foreſees his Work, and works in that foreſight?
Jup. Fate is, what I
By vertue of Omnipotence have made it:
And Pow'r omnipotent can do no wrong,
Not to my ſelf, becauſe I will'd it ſo:
Nor yet to Men, for what they are is mine.
This night I will enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife:
For, when I made her, I decreed her ſuch
As I ſhou'd pleaſe to love. I wrong not him
Whoſe Wife ſhe is; for I reſerv'd my Right,
To have her while ſhe pleas'd me; that once paſt,
She ſhall be his again.

Merc. Here's Omnipotence with a Vengeance, to make a Man a Cuckold, and yet not to do him wrong. Then I find, Father *Jupiter*, that when you made Fate, you had the wit to contrive a Holy-day for your ſelf now and then. For you Kings never Enact a Law, but you have a kind of an Eye to your own Prerogative.

Phœb. If there be no ſuch thing as right and wrong,
Of an Eternal Being, I have done———
But if there be———
Jup. Peace, thou diſputing Fool:
Learn this; if thou could'ſt comprehend my ways,
Then thou wert *Jove*, not I: yet, thus far know,
That, for the good of Human-kind, this Night
I ſhall beget a future *Hercules*:
Who ſhall redreſs the Wrongs of injur'd Mortals,

Shall conquer Monſters, and reform the World.

Merc. Ay, Brother *Phœbus*; and our Father made all thoſe Monſters for *Hercules* to Conquer, and contriv'd all thoſe Vices on purpoſe for him to reform too, there's the Jeaſt on't.

Phœb. Since Arbitrary Pow'r will hear no Reaſon, 'tis Wiſdom to be ſilent.———

Merc. Why that's the Point; this ſame Arbitrary Power is a knock-down Argument; 'tis but a Word and a Blow; now methinks our Father ſpeaks out like an honeſt bare-fac'd God, as he is; he lays the ſtreſs in the right Place, upon abſolute Dominion: I confeſs if he had been a Man, he might have been a Tyrant, if his Subjects durſt have call'd him to account: But you Brother *Phœbus*, are but a meer Country Gentleman, that never comes to Court; that are abroad all day on Horſe-back, making Viſits about the World; are drinking all Night, and in your Cups are ſtill raylingat the Government: O theſe Patriots, theſe bumpkin Patriots, are a very ſilly ſort of Animal.

Jup. My preſent Purpoſe and Deſign you heard:
T' enjoy *Amphitryon*'s Wife, the fair *Alcmena*:
You two muſt be ſubſervient to my Love.

Merc. to *Phœb.* No more of your Grumbletonian Morals, Brother; there's Preferment coming, be advis'd and Pimp dutifully

Jup. Amphitryon, the brave *Theban* General
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight;
And in a ſingle Duel ſlain their King:
His Conquering Troops are eager on their march
Returning home; while their young General
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Poſts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by to Morrow's dawn will reach this Town.

Merc. That's but ſhort warning, Father *Jupiter*: having made no former advances of Courtſhip to her, you have need of your Omnipotence, and all your Godſhip, if you mean to be beforehand with him.

Phœb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening;
Time's precious, and theſe Summer Nights are ſhort;
I muſt be early up to light the World.

Jup. You ſhall not riſe; there ſhall be no to morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an end, I find.

Phœb. Or elſe a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. A day, will well be loſt to buſie Man:
Night ſhall continue ſleep, and care ſhall ceaſe
So, many Men ſhall live, and live in peace,
Whom Sun-ſhine had betray'd to envious Sight,
And Sight to ſudden Rage, and Rage to Death.
Now, I will have a night for love and me:
A long luxurious Night, fit for a God
To quench and empty his immortal Heat.

Merc. I'll lay on the Womans ſide for all that; that ſhe ſhall love longeſt to night, in ſpight of your Omnipotence.

Phœb. I ſhall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early riſe, but you muſt be obey'd.
Jup. No matter for the cheating part of Man;
They have a day's ſin leſs to anſwer for.
Phœb. When wou'd you have me wake?
Jup. Why, when *Jove* goes to ſleep: when I have finiſh'd,
Your Brother *Mercury* ſhall bring you word. [*Exit* Phœbus *on his Chariot.*
To *Merc.* Now, *Hermes*, I muſt take *Amphitryon*'s form.
T' enjoy his Wife;
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, this *Amphitryon*'s Slave;
Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,
To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's approach;
And bring her joyful news of Victory.
Merc. But why muſt I be *Soſia*?
Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thy ſelf!
Thou muſt be *Soſia*, to keep out *Soſia*:
Who, by his entrance, might diſcover *Jove*,
Diſturb my Pleaſures, raiſe unruly Noiſe,
And ſo diſtract *Alcmena*'s tender Soul,
She wou'd not meet my warmth, when I diſſolve
Into her Lap, nor give down half her Love.
Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:
But I abhor ſo Villanous a ſhape.
Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down, till I command.
I cannot bear a moments loſs of Joy.
[Night *appears above in her Chariot.*
Look up, the *Night* is in her ſilent Chariot;
And rouling juſt o're *Thebes*: bid her drive ſlowly,
Or make a double turn about the World;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon*'s Dreſs,
To be the greater, while I ſeem the leſs. [*Exit* Jupiter.
Merc. to *Night*. Madam *Night*, a good Even to you: fair and ſoftly, I beſeech you, Madam: I have a word or two to you, from no leſs a God than *Jupiter*.
Night. O, my nimble finger'd God of Theft, what makes you here on Earth, at this unſeaſonable hour? what Banker's Shop is to be broken open to Night? or what Clippers, and Coiners, and Conſpirators, have been invoking your Deity for their aſſiſtance.
Merc. Faith none of thoſe Enormities; and yet I am ſtill in my Vocation: for you know I am a kind of Jack of all Trades: at a word, *Jupiter* is indulging his Genius to night, with a certain noble ſort of Recreation, call'd Wenching: The truth on't is, Adultery is its proper name.
Night. *Jupiter* wou'd do well to ſtick to his Wife *Juno*.
Merc. He has been marry'd to her above theſe hundred years; and that's long enough in conſcience to ſtick to one Woman.
Night. She's his Siſter too, as well as his Wife; that's a double tye of affection to her.

Merc. Nay, if he made bold with his own Flesh and Blood, 'tis likely he will not spare his Neighbours.

Night. If I were his Wife, I would raise a Rebellion against him, for the violation of my Bed.

Merc. Thou art mistaken, *Old Night*: his Wife cou'd raise no faction: all the Deities in Heav'n wou'd take the part of the Cuckold-making God; for they are all given to the Flesh most damnably. Nay the very Goddesses wou'd stickle in the cause of Love; 'tis the way to be Popular to Whore and Love. For what dost thou think old *Saturn* was depos'd, but that he was cold and impotent; and made no court to the fair Ladies. *Pallas* and *Juno* themselves, as chaste as they are, cry'd shame on him. I say unto thee, *Old Night*, Wo be to the Monarch that has not the Women on his side.

Night. Then by your rule, *Mercury*, A king who wou'd live happily, must debauch his whole Nation of Women.

Merc. As far as his ready Money will go, I mean; for *Jupiter* himself can't please all of 'em. But this is beside my present Commission; he has sent me to will and require you to make a swinging long Night for him: for he hates to be stinted in his Pleasures.

Night. Tell him plainly, I'll rather lay down my Commission: What wou'd he make a Bawd of me?

Merc. Poor Ignorant! why he meant thee for a Bawd when he first made thee. What art thou good for, but to be a Bawd? Is not Day-light better for Mankind, I mean as to any other use, but only for Love and Fornication? Thou hast been a Bawd too, a Reverend, Primitive, Original Bawd, from the first hour of thy Creation! and all the laudible actions of Love, have been committed under thy Mantle. Prithee for what dost thou think that thou art worshipp'd?

Night. Why for my Stars and Moonshine.

Merc. That is, for holding a Candle to iniquity: but if they were put out, thou wou'dst be double worshipt, by the willing bashful Virgins.

Night. Then for my quiet, and the sweetness of my sleep.

Merc. No, for thy sweet waking all the Night: for sleep comes not upon Lovers till thou art vanish'd.

Night. But it will be against Nature, to make a long Winters Night at Midsummer.

Merc. Trouble not your self for that: *Phœbus* is order'd to make a short Summers Day to Morrow: so in four and twenty Hours all will be at rights again.

Night. Well, I am edified by your discourse; and my comfort is, that whatever work is made, I see nothing.

Merc. About your business then: put a Spoke into your Chariot Wheels, and order the Seven Stars to halt, while I put my self into the habit of a Serving man; and dress up a false *Sosia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*. Good night, *Night*.

Night. My service to *Jupiter*. Farewell *Mercury*.

[Night *goes backward.* *Exit* Mercury.

Scene

SCENE II.

Amphitryon's *Pallace.*

Enter Alcmena *alone.*

Alcm. WHy was I marri'd to the Man I love!
For, had he been indifferent to my choice,
Or had been hated, abſence had been pleaſure:
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s life:
At home, in private, and ſecure from War,
I am amidſt an Hoaſt of armed Foes:
Suſtaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds,
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am, in *Amphitryon* ſlain! wou'd I were there,
And he were here; ſo might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him!

Enter Phædra, *running.*

Phæd. Good news, good news, Madam, O ſuch admirable news, that if I kept it in a moment, I ſhou'd burſt with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon?*

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Anſwer me, I charge thee, if thy good news be any thing relating to my Lord: if it be, aſſure thy ſelf of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you ſay ſomething to the matter: you know the buſineſs of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, is to be ſcraping up ſomething againſt a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage: every one in our own Vocation: but what matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemies, if I get nothing of their ſpoils?

Alc. Say, is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the ſame token, that you ſhou'd give me ten pieces of Gold, if I brought you news of it.

Alc. They are thine; ſuppoſing he be ſafe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new bargain; for I vow'd to *Jupiter*, that then you ſhou'd give me ten Pieces more: but I do undertake for my Lord's ſafety: if you will pleaſe to diſcharge his Godſhip *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in ſafety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am ſure I articled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you news, that my Lord was upon return, you ſhou'd grant me one ſmall favour more, that will coſt you nothing.

Alc. Make haſte, thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon return?

Phæd. Pro-

Phæd. Promiſe me that I ſhall be your bedfellow to Night, as I have been ever ſince my Lord's abſence,——unleſs I ſhall be pleas'd to releaſe you of your word.

Alc. That's a ſmall requeſt, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But ſwear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. But why by *Jupiter?*

Phæd. Becauſe he's the greateſt: I hate to deal with one of your little baffling Gods that can do nothing but by permiſſion: but *Jupiter* can ſwinge you off; if you ſwear by him, and are forſworn.

Alc. I ſwear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is Victorious, and I know he is ſafe: for I look'd through the Key-hole, and ſaw him knocking at the Gate; and I had the Conſcience to let him cool his Heels there.

Alc. And wou'dſt thou not open to him! Oh thou Traitreſs!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiſer: I left *Soſia*'s Wife to let him in: for I was reſolv'd to bring the news, and make my penny-worths out of him; as time ſhall ſhow.

Enter Jupiter, *in the ſhape of* Amphitryon, *with* Soſia's *Wife*, Bromia.

[*He kiſſes and embraces* Alcmena.]

Jup. O let me live for ever on thoſe Lips!——
The Nectar of the Gods to theſe is taſteleſs.
I ſwear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n, to be *Amphitryon*,

Alc. Then, not to ſwear beneath *Amphitryon*'s Oath,
(Forgive me *Juno* if I am prophane)
I ſwear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good my Lord, what's become of my poor Bedfellow, your Man *Soſia*: you keep ſuch a billing and colling here, to ſet ones Mouth a watring: what, I ſay, though I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady; and ſhou'd be as glad as ſhe, of a little honeſt Recreation.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripus?* has he brought me home a cram'd Purſe that ſwells with Bribes? if he be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magiſtrate: but if he has not had the wit to ſell Juſtice, he judges no Cauſes in my Court, I warrant him.

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battel?
Is *Thebes* Victorious, are our Foes deſtroy'd?
For now I find you ſafe, I ſhou'd be glad
To hear you were in danger?

Jup. aſide. A Man had need be a God, to ſtand the fury of three talking Women! I think in my Conſcience I made their Tongues of Thunder.

Bromia *pulling him on one ſide.* I ask'd the firſt queſtion: anſwer me, my Lord.

Phædra *pulling him on t'other ſide.* Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours is but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title ſhall take place, and I will be anſwer'd.

Jup. Soſia

Jup. *Sosia* is safe: *Gripus* is rich: both coming:
I rode before 'em, with a Lovers haste.——— [*Aside.*
Was e're poor God so worry'd! but for my Love,
I wish I were in Heav'n again with *Juno*.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

Jup. Not so, my Love, but these obstreperous Tongues
Have snatch'd their answers first: they will be heard;
And surely *Jove* wou'd never answer Pray'r
That Women made, but only to be freed
From their Eternal Noise: make haste to Bed:
There let me tell my Story, in thy Arms;
There in the gentle pauses of our Love,
Betwixt our dyings, e're we live again,
Thou shalt be told the Battel, and success:
Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
For Love will often interrupt my Tale,
And make so sweet confusion in our talk,
That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things,
That are not of a piece: but patch'd with Kisses,
And Sighs, and Murmurs, and imperfect Speech;
And Nonsense shall be Eloquent, in Love.

Brom. to *Phædra.* My Lord is very hot upon't: this absence is a great Friend to us poor neglected Wives; it makes us new again.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me
The fondness of a Bride, without the fear.
My whole Desires and Wishes are in you.

Phæd. aside. My Lady's Eyes are pinking to Bedward too; Now is She to look very sleepy, counterfeiting yauning, but She shall ask me leave first.

Alc. Great *Juno*, thou whose holy care presides
Over the Nuptial Bed, pour all thy Blessings
On this Auspicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge: for she may fear a Rival,
In those bright Eyes; but *Jupiter* will grant,
And doubly bless this Night.

Phæd. aside. But *Jupiter* shou'd ask my leave first, were he here in Person.

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Bed:
The tedious Journey has dispos'd my Lord,
To seek his needful rest. [*Exit* Bromia.

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman must needs be weary; and therefore, 'twas not ill contriv'd that he must lie alone to Night, to recruit himself with sleep, and lay in enough for to morrow night, when you may keep him waking.

Alc. to *Jupiter.* I must confess I made a kind of promise.———

Phædra *almost crying.* A kind of promise, do you call it? I see you wou'd fain be coming off: I am sure you swore to me, by *Jupiter*, that I shou'd be your Bedfellow, and I'll accuse you to him too, the first Prayers I make, And I'll pray a purpose too, that I will, though I have not pray'd to him this seven Years.

Jup. O

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did ſwear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forſwear thy ſelf; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more ſhame for him if he does: there wou'd be a fine God indeed for us Women to worſhip, if he laughs when our Sweet-hearts cheat us of our Maiden-heads: No, no, *Jupiter* is an honeſter Gentleman than you make of him.

Jup. I'm all on fire; and wou'd not loſe this Night
To be the Maſter of the Univerſe.

Phæd. Ay, my Lord, I ſee you are on fire: but the Devil a Bucket ſhall be brought to quench it, without my leave: you may go to Bed, Madam; but you ſhall ſee how Heav'n will bleſs your Nights work, if you forſwear your ſelf:——Some Fool, ſome mere Elder-Brother, or ſome blockheadly Hero, *Jove*, I beſeech thee, ſend her.

Jup. aſide. Now I cou'd call my Thunder to revenge me,
But that were to confeſs my ſelf a God,
And then I loſt my Love!——*Alcmena*, come,
By Heav'n I have a Bridegroom's fervour for thee,
As I had ne're enjoy'd.

Alc. ſighing. She has my Oath;
And ſure ſhe may releaſe it, if ſhe pleaſe.——

Phæd. Why truly, Madam, I am not cruel in my nature, to poor diſtreſſed Lovers; for it may be my own caſe another day: And therefore, if my Lord pleaſes to conſider me——

Jup. Any thing, any thing, but name thy wiſh, and have it.——

Phæd. Ay, now you ſay, any thing, any thing; but you wou'd tell me another ſtory to morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you know the meaning of it: I am for nothing but the Ready——

Jup. Thou ſhalt have all the Treaſury of Heaven.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter* to diſpoſe of it.

Jup. aſide. I had forgot, and ſhow'd my ſelf a God;
This Love can make a Fool of *Jupiter*.

Phæd. You have got ſome part of the Enemies Spoil I warrant you; I ſee a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jupiter, *taking a Ring off his Finger and giving it.* Here, take it;
This is a very Woman:
Her Sex is Avarice, and ſhe, in One,
Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no matter what you ſay of us. What wou'd you have your Mony out of the Treaſury, without paying the Officers their Fees? Go, get you together, you naughty Couple, till you are both weary of worrying one another, and then to morrow morning, I ſhall have another Fee for parting you. [Phædra *goes out before* Alcmena *with a Light.*

Jupiter ſolus.

Why now I am, indeed, the Lord of all:
For what's to be a God, but to enjoy?
Let human-kind their Sovereign's leiſure waite;
Love is, this Night, my great Affair of State:
Let this one Night, of Providence be void:
All *Jove*, for once, is on himſelf employ'd.
Let unregarded Altars ſmoke in vain;
And let my Subjects praiſe me, or complain.
Yet, if betwixt my Intervals of bliſs,
Some am'rous youth his Oraiſons addreſs,
His Pray'r is in a happy hour preferr'd:
And when *Jove* loves, a Lover ſhall be heard.

ACT II.

Night-Scene of a Pallace.

Soſia *with a Dark-Lanthorn:* Mercury, *in* Soſia's *ſhape, with a Dark-Lanthorn alſo.*

Soſia. WAS not the Devil in my Maſter, to ſend me out in this dreadful dark Night, to bring the news of his Victory to my Lady? and was not I poſſeſs'd with ten Devils, for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the ſafeguard of my Perſon? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with fear! I am diminiſh'd of my natural weight, above two Stone: I ſhall not bring half my ſelf home again, to my Poor Wife and Family: I have been in an Ague fit, ever ſince ſhut of Evening; what with the fright of Trees by the High-way, which look'd Maliciouſly like Thieves, by Moon-ſhine: and what with Bulruſhes by the River-ſide, that ſhak'd like Spears, and Lances at me. Well! the greateſt Plague of a Serving-man, is to be hir'd to ſome great Lord! They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while they lye lolling at their Eaſe a Bed, and ſtretch their lazy Limbs, in expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them.

Mer. aſide. He is but a poor Mortal, that ſuffers this! but I, who am a God, am degraded to a foot Pimp; a Waiter without Doors; a very civil employment for a Deity!

Soſ. The better ſort of 'em will ſay, Upon my Honour, at every word: yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Priviledge of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Priviledge of the Law upon them. Theſe are a very hopeful ſort of Patriots, to ſtand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: there's Conſcience for you!

Mer. aſide. This Fellow, has ſomething of the Republican Spirit in him.

Soſia *looking about him.* Stay; this methinks ſhou'd be our Houſe: and I ſhou'd thank the Gods, now, for bringing me ſafe home: but I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the reward for my good news, and then thank 'em once for all: for if I praiſe 'em, before I am ſafe within

Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worrie me; and then my thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. Aside. Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before hand: Therefore thou get'st not into the House this Night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sosia. Now am I to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory; 'tis good to exercise my Parts before hand, and file my tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyships imagination.

Mer. Aside. Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sosia, *setting down his Lanthorn.* This Lanthorn, for once shall be my Lady: because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. Aside. No, Rogue, 'tis thy Lord is the Lanthorn by this time, or *Jupiter* is turn'd Fumbler.

Sosia. Then thus I make my Addresses to her: (*Bowes*) Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most Faithful, though the most unworthy of his followers; to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she——O my poor *Sosia*, (*in a shrill Tone*) how am I overjoy'd to see thee! She can say no less:—— Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this glory:——well answer'd on my side—— And how does my Lord *Amphitryon*?——Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage, when he is call'd by Honour.——There I think I nick'd it.——But when will he return?——As soon as possibly he can: but not so soon as his impatient Heart cou'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc. aside. When *Thebes* is an University, thou deservest to be their Orator.

Sosia. But what does he do, and what does he say? Prithee tell me something more of him.——He always says less than he does, Madam: and his Enemies have found it to their cost.—— Where the Devil did I learn these Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the Natural Endowments of a Fop; and only wants the Education!

Sosia, *staring up to the Sky.* What is the Devil in the Night! she's as long as two Nights: the seven Stars are just where they were seven Hours ago! high Day——high Night, I mean, by my favour. What has *Phœbus* been playing the Good-fellow, and overslept himself, that he forgets his duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Raskal treats us Gods! but I shall make him alter his tone immediately. [Mercury *comes nearer, and stands just before him.*

Sosia, *seeing him, and starting back, aside.* How now? what do my Eyes dazle, or is my dark Lanthorn false to me! is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghost of some body slain in the late Battel? if he be, 'tis unconscionably done, to fright an honest Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all my Life!——Whatever Wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's certain: but 'tis discretion to keep my own Counsel: I'll sing, that I may seem Valiant. [Sosia *sings; and as* Mercury *speaks, by little and little drops his Voice.*

Merc. What saucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarse Voice? what Midnight Ballad-singer have we here? I shall teach the Villain to leave off Caterwawling.

Sosia. I wou'd I had Courage, for his sake; that I might teach him to call my singing Catterwawling, an Illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muses and to Musick.

Merc. There is an ill savour that offends my Nostrils; and it wafteth this way?

Sosia. He has smelt me out: my fear has betray'd me into this savour.——I am a dead Man; the bloody Villain is at his fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Sosia. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Sosia. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defie Peace and all its Works; my Arms are out of exercise, they have maul'd no body these three days: I long for an honourable Occasion to pound a Man; and lay him asleep at the first Buffet.

Sosia aside. That wou'd almost do me a kindness; for I have been kept wakeing, without tipping one wink of sleep these three Nights.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Sosia. Why I am a Man, Fellow.——Courage *Sosia*——

Merc. What kind of Man?

Sosia. Why a Two-legg'd Man, What Man shou'd I be?——(*Aside.*)——I must bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milksop as my self.

Merc. Thou art a Coward, I warrant thee, do not I hear thy teeth chatter in thy Head?

Sosia. Ay, ay, that's only a sign they wou'd be snapping at thy Nose.——(*Aside*)——Bless me, what an Arm and Fist he has, with great Thumbs too: and Gols and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? answer me directly, upon pain of Assassination.

Sosia. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go: that's directly home——though this is somewhat an uncivil manner of proceeding, at the first sight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me first make you a small Present of this box o' the Ear.—— (*Strikes him.*

Sosia. If I were as cholerick a Fool as you now, here wou'd be fine work betwixt us two; but I am a little better bred, than to disturb the sleeping Neighbourhood, and so good night Friend.—— (*Is going.*

Merc. stopping him. Hold Sir; you and I must not part so easily; once more, whither are you going?

Sosia. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches: let me but only knock at that Door there.

Merc. What business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sosia. This is our House; and when I am got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sawciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sosia. 'Tis mine, in the first place; and next, my Masters; for I lye in the Garret, and he lyes under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names, Sirrah?

Sosia. His Name is *Amphitryon*, hear that and tremble.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sosia. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is———

Sosia. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesom——What shou'd my Name be but *Sosia*?

Merc. How, *Sosia*, say you? how long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sosia. Here's a fine question: why I never took it up, Friend, it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born, *Sosia*? take this remembrance for that Lye. (*beats him.*

Sosia. Hold Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What offence has my Name done you, that you shou'd beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* They are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sosia. What am not I *Sosia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sosia. I should think you are somewhat merrily dispos'd, if you had not beaten me, in such sober sadness. You wou'd perswade me out of my Heathen Name, wou'd you?

Merc. Say you are *Sosia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sosia. I dare say nothing, but Thought is free; but whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sosia. Lord, Lord, Friend one of us two is horribly giv'n to lying—— but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say, my Name is *Sosia*, and yours is not.

Sosia. I wou'd you cou'd make good your words, for then I shou'd not be beaten, and you shou'd.

Merc. I find you wou'd be *Sosia* if you durst---but if I catch you thinking so--

Sosia. I hope I may think I was *Sosia*; and I can find no difference between my former self, and my present self; but that I was plain *Sosia* before; and now I am lac'd *Sosia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so. (*Beats him.*

Sosia kneeling. Truce a little, I beseech thee! I wou'd be a Stock or a Stone now by my good will, and wou'd not think at all, for self preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter Fairly with you? and promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove my self to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in safety; I promise you I will not beat you.

Sosia. In the first Place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sosia. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denys it?

Sosia. I thought you wou'd have deny'd that too? for all hangs upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the foresaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body, that for sake-sake shall be nameless, to bring a Present to his Wife, with news of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return to morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle; but who is that certain Servant, there's all the question?

Sosia. Is it Peace or War betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Sosia. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel; but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine; that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it; but if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon force and brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sosia*, *Amphitryon*'s Man; what reason have you to urge against it?

Sosia. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. Davus; who was an honest Husbandman, whose Sister's Name was *Harpagè*, that was married, and died in a Foreign Country.

Sosia. So far you are right, I must confess; and your Wife's Name is——

Merc. Bromia, a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixon of her Hands; that leads me a miserable Life; keeps me to hard duty a Bed; and beats me every Morning when I have risen from her side, without having first——

Sosia. I understand you; by many a sorrowful Token; this must be I—(*Aside.*

Merc. I was once taken upon suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt through *Thebes*, and branded for my pains.

Sosia. Right me again; but if you are I, as I begin to suspect; that whipping and branding might have been past over in silence, for both our Credits—— And yet now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon some private Passages——What was the Present that *Amphitryon* sent by you or me, no matter which of us, to his Wife *Alcmena*?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones.

Sosia. And where are they now?

Merc. In a Case seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sosia. This is prodigious, I confess; but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have reveal'd it to him. (*Aside.*) But I have another Question to ask you, of somewhat that pass'd only betwixt my self and me; if you are *Sosia*, what were you doing in the heat of Battel?

Merc. What a wise Man shou'd, that has respect for his own Person. I ran into our Tent, and hid my self amongst the Baggage.

Sosia aside. Such another cutting Answer, and I must provide my self of another name. (*To him.*) And how did you pass your time in that same Tent; You need not answer to every Circumstance so exactly now; you must lye a little, that I may think you the more me.

Merc. That

Merc. That cunning shall not serve your turn, to circumvent me out of my name: I am for plain naked Truth:——There stood a Hogshead of old Wine, which my Lord reserv'd for his own drinking.——

Sosia aside. O the Devil! as sure as Death, he must have hid himself in that Hogshead, or he cou'd never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogshead, upon the ground, there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good drinking——

Sosia. Nay, now I have caught you; there was neither Inviter nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A lusty Gammon of——

Sosia sighing. Bacon——that word has quite made an end of me:——let me see,——this must be I, in spight of me.——but let me view him nearer.

(*Walks about* Mercury *with his dark Lanthorn.*

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Sosia. No harm, Friend; I am only surveying a parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for:——He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, there's the Patch upon my Nose, with a Pox to him——*Item*, a very fooliſh Face with a long Chin at end on't: *Item*, one pair of shambling Legs, with two splay Feet belonging to them. And——*summa totalis*, from Head to Foot all my Bodily Apparel.——(*To Mercury*) Well, you are *Sosia*; there's no denying it; but what am I then? for my mind gives me, I am some body still, if I knew but who I were.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Sosia* no more, then thou may'st be *Sosia* again.

Sosia. I have but one request more to thee, that, though not as *Sosia*, yet as a stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah, not being *Sosia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor no Lady in this House.

Sosia. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lye in the Streets all night, after such a Journey, and such a beating——and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recall my word, and break off the truce:——and then expect——

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*

Sosia. No; The Devil take me if I do expect: I have felt too well what sort of Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*; to see if he will acknowledge me for *Sosia*; if he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a sore drubbing; if he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sosia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well; but then I shall have a second drubbing, for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable.

[*Exit* Sosia.

Mercury *alone.*

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. I think too I have given *Jupiter* sufficient time for his Consummation. Oh, he has taken his Cue; and here he comes, as leisurely and as lank as if he had empty'd himself of the best part of his Almightyship.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Jupiter *leading* Alcmena, *follow'd by* Phœdra. *Pages with Torches before them.* Jupiter *to the Pages.*

THoſe Torches are offenſive: ſtand aloof:
For though they bleſs me with thy heavenly ſight, *To her.*
They may diſcloſe the Secret I would hide:
The *Thebans* muſt not know I have been here;
Detracting Crowds wou'd blame me that I robb'd
Theſe happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To Conſecrate to thy deſir'd Embrace:
And I cou'd wiſh no Witneſs but thy ſelf;
For thou thy ſelf art all I wiſh to pleaſe.

Alcm. So long an abſence, and ſo ſhort a ſtay!
What, but one Night! one Night of Joy and Love,
Cou'd only pay one Night of Cares and Fears;
And all the reſt are an uncancell'd Sum!
Curſe on this Honour and this publick Fame;
Wou'd you had leſs of both, and more of Love!

Jup. *Alcmena*, I muſt go.

Alcm. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I muſt.

Alc. Indeed you ſhall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o're yonder Hill,
Thoſe are the Bluſhes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this neather World.

Alc. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the hours of buſie Men.
Let 'em be buſie ſtill, and ſtill be wretched;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day:
But you and I will draw our Curtains cloſe,
Extinguiſh Day-light, and put out the Sun:
Come back, my Lord, in faith you ſhall retire.
You have not yet lay long enough in Bed,
To warm your widow'd Side.

Phœdra, aſide. I find my Lord is an excellent Schoolmaſter, my Lady is ſo willing to repeat her Leſſon.

Merc. aſide. That's a plaguy little Devil; what a roguiſh Eye ſhe has! I begin to like her ſtrangely; ſhe's the Perquiſite of my Place too; for my Ladies Waiting-Woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's Chief Gentleman. I have the Priviledge of a God too; I can view her naked through all her Clothes:——Let me ſee——Let me ſee: I have diſcover'd ſomething that pleaſes me already.

Jup. Let me not live but thou art all Enjoyment,
So charming and ſo ſweet,
That not a Night, but whole Eternity,
Were well employ'd,

To

To love thy each Perfection as it ought.

Alc. kissing him. I'll bribe you with this kiss to stay a while.

Jup. kissing her. A Bribe indeed that soon will bring me back.
But, to be just, I must restore your Bribe.
How I cou'd dwell for ever on those Lips!
O I cou'd kiss 'em pale with eagerness!
So soft, by Heav'n, and such a juicy sweet,
That ripen'd Peaches have not half the flavour.

Alc. Ye niggard Gods! you make our Lives too long:
You fill 'em with Diseases, Wants, and Woes,
And only dash 'em with a little Love;
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand:
Count all our Joys, from Childhood ev'n to Age,
They wou'd but make a day of ev'ry year:
Take back your sev'nty years, (the stint of Life)
Or else be kind, and cram the Quintessence
Of Sev'nty years into sweet Sev'nty days:
For all the rest is flat, insipid Being.

Jup. But yet one Scruple pains me at my parting;
I love so nicely, that I cannot bear
To owe the Sweets of Love which I have tasted,
To the submissive Duty of a Wife:
Tell me: and sooth my Passion e're I go,
That in the kindest Moments of the Night,
When you gave up your self to Love and me,
You thought not of a Husband, but a Lover.

Alc. But tell me first, why you wou'd raise a Blush upon my Cheeks, by asking such a Question?

Jup. I wou'd owe nothing to a Name so dull
As Husband is, but to a Lover all.

Alc. You shou'd have ask'd me then, when Love and Night,
And Privacy, had favour'd your demand.

Jup. I ask it now, because my tenderness
Surpasses that of Husbands for their Wives.
O that you lov'd like me! then you wou'd find
A thousand thousand Niceties in Love;
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to it self
Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets;
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The manner of the happiness is all!
In me (my charming Mistress) you behold
A Lover that disdains a Lawful Title;
Such as of Monarchs to successive Thrones:
The Generous Lover holds by force of Arms;
And claims his Crown by Conquest.

Alc. Me-

Alcm. Methinks you shou'd be pleas'd, I give you all
A Vertuous and a Modest Wife can give.
Jup. No, no, that very name of Wife and Marriage,
Is Poyson to the deareſt ſweets of Love:
To pleaſe my niceneſs you muſt ſeparate
The Lover from his Mortal Foe, the Husband.
Give to the yawning Husband your cold Vertue,
But all your vigorous Warmth, your melting Sighs,
Your amorous Murmurs, be your Lover's part.
Alcm. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord,
But only Love me ſtill; and love me thus,
And think me ſuch as beſt may pleaſe your Thought.
Jup. There's Myſtery of Love in all I ſay:
Farewell; and when you ſee your Husband next
Think of your Lover then.

Exeunt Jupiter *and* Alcmena *ſeverally*: Phædra *follows her.*

Merc. alone. Now I ſhou'd follow him; but Love has laid a Lime-twig for me, and made a lame God of me. Yet why ſhou'd I love this *Phædra?* She's Intereſted, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thouſand years hence, there will be a whole Nation of ſuch Women, in a certain Country that will be call'd *France*; and there's a Neighbour Iſland too, where the Men of that Country will be all Intereſt. Oh what a precious Generation will that be, which the Men of the Iſland ſhall Propagate out of the Women of the Continent?

(*Phædra re-enters*) ——And ſo much for Propheſie: for ſhe's here again, and I muſt love her in ſpight of me. And ſince I muſt, I have this Comfort, that the greateſt Wits are commonly the greateſt Cullies; becauſe neither of the Sexes can be wiſer than ſome certain Parts about 'em will give 'em leave.

Phædra. Well *Soſia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is Victorious.

Phædra. And my Servant Judge *Gripus?*

Merc. A Voluptuous Gourmand.

Phædra. But has he gotten wherewithal to be Voluptuous, is he Wealthy?

Merc. He ſells Juſtice as he uſes, fleeces the Rich Rebels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phædra. Then while he has Money he may make Love to me. Has he ſent me no Token?

Merc. Yes a Kiſs; and by the ſame Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man preſume to kiſs me?

Merc. Suppoſe I were a God, and ſhou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I wou'd firſt be ſatisfi'd whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppoſe I were *Mercury*, The God of Merchandiſe?

Phæd. What the God of ſmall Wares, and Fripperies, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. aſide. How the Gipſie deſpiſes me?

Phædra. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making

Love: Doſt thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Miſtreſſes by their good Faces? no, 'tis the Gold and the Preſents they can make: there's the Prerogative they have over their fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithſtanding, I muſt tell you pretty *Phædra*, I am deſperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I muſt tell thee, ugly *Soſia*, thou haſt not wherewithal to be in love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in love I hope?

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in love, but he can never make love: Alas *Soſia*, thou haſt neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to pleaſe me: nor Gold to bribe me: And beſides all this, thou haſt a Wife, poor miſerable *Soſia!* What ho *Bromia!*

Merc. O thou mercileſs Creature, why doſt thou conjure up that ſpright of a Wife?

Phæd. To rid my ſelf of that Devil of a poor Lover: ſince you are ſo lovingly diſpos'd, I'll put you together, to exerciſe your Fury upon your own Wedlock: What *Bromia*, I ſay, make haſte; here's a Veſſel of yours, full fraighted, that's going off without paying Duties.

Merc. Since thou wilt not let me ſteal Cuſtom: She ſhall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars: but thou mightſt have lent me a little Creek to ſmuggle in.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Souldier; beſides a Legion of——— (*knaps her Fingers.*

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the plundering of a Tent.

Phæd. That's to ſay, a Houſe of Canvas, with moveables of Straw; make haſte *Bromia*———

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durſt not fight I'm certain; and therefore came laſt in, when the rich Plunder was gone before hand.———Will you come, *Bromia*?

Merc. Prithee do not call ſo loud:———A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? anſwer quickly, for I am juſt calling very loud——*Bro.*——

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud if thou doſt not like the Mettal.

Phæd. Bromia. (*Very ſoftly.*

Merc. That ſtruts in this Faſhon, with his Arms a Kimbo, like a City Magiſtrate: and a great bouncing Belly, like an Hoſteſs with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what ſay you to that Preſent, *Phædra*?

Phæd. Why I am conſidering———

Merc. What I prithee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Buſineſs equally; to take the Gift, and refuſe the Giver, thou art ſo damnably ugly and ſo old.

Merc. aſide. Now the Devil take *Jupiter*, for confining me to this ungodly ſhape to day!

But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too. (*To her.*

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a perſon of Quality, and my Ladies Uncle, and if he marries me I ſhall take place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! ſhe has ſent her

her Tongue before her. I hear the Thunder-clap already: there's a ſtorm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I ſhou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for——you know what, *Soſia.*

Merc. You give me Hope then——

Phæd. Not abſolutely Hope neither: but Gold is a great Cordial, in Love matters; and the more you apply of it, the better——[*Aſide.*] I am honeſt, that's certain; but wen I weigh my Honeſty againſt the Goblet, I am not quite reſolv'd on which ſide the Scale will turn. [*Exit* Phœdra.

Merc. a-loud. Farewell *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her——

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her, what Traytor! that you are going away without ſeeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Maſter.

Brom. Umph-----ſo brisk too! your Maſter did his Duty to my Lady before he parted: He cou'd leave his Army in the lurch, and come Galloping home at midnight, to have a lick at the Honey-pot; and ſteal to Bed as quietly as any Mouſe, I warrant you: My Maſter knew what belong'd to a Married life; but you, Sirrah.——You Trencher-carrying Raſcal, you worſe than Dunghil-Cock; that ſtood clapping your Wings and crowing without doors, when you ſhou'd have been at Rooſt, you Villain.——

Merc. Hold your peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your Cackling: My Maſter charg'd me to ſtand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Maſter! I dare ſwear thou bely'ſt him, My Maſter's more a Gentleman than to lay ſuch an unreaſonable command upon a poor diſtreſſed marri'd Couple, and after ſuch an abſence too. No, there's no compariſon between my Maſter and thee, thou Sneaksby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia.* You and I have had our time in a civil way, Spouſe, and much good love has been betwixt us: but we have been Married fifteen Years, I take it: and that hoighty toighty buſineſs ought, in Conſcience, to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my ſaucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that ſaid to me.

Merc. But will you hear reaſon, *Bromia*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom; they are in Honey Moon ſtill: do but think in decency what a jeſt it wou'd be to the Family, to ſee two Venerable old married People, lying ſnug in a Bed together, and ſighing out fine tender things to one another!

Brom. How now, Traytor, dar'ſt thou maintain that I am paſt the Age of having fine things ſaid to me?

Merc. Not ſo, my Dear: but certainly I am paſt the Age of ſaying 'em.

Brom. Thou deſerv'ſt not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou Perjur'd Villain.

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my ſorrow: many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for leſs Honour in his Wife, and

more quiet. Prethee be but honeſt and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worſt with every thing elſe about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'dſt have a Woman of the Town, wou'dſt thou! to be always ſpeaking my Husband fair, to make him digeſt his Cuckoldom more eaſily: wou'dſt thou be a Wittol, with a vengeance to thee? I am reſolv'd I'll ſcour thy Hide, for that word. [*Holds up her Ladle at him.*

Merc. Thou wilt not ſtrike thy Lord, and Husband, wilt thou?

Brom. Since thou wilt none of the Meat, 'tis but juſtice to give thee the baſtings of the Ladle. [*She courſes him about.*

Mercury *running about. aſide.* Was ever poor Deity ſo Henpeck'd as I am! nay, then 'tis time to charm her aſleep with my enchanted Rod——— before I am diſgrac'd or raviſh'd.———

[*Plucks out his Caduceus and ſtrikes her upon the ſhoulder with it.*

Brom. What, art thou rebelling againſt thy annointed Wife? I'll make thee—how now———What, has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and ſtupid on the ſudden———I can neither ſtir Hand nor Foot———I am juſt like him; I have loſt the uſe of all my—Members—[*yawning*]——I can't ſo much as wag my Tongue—— neither, and that's the laſt Live—ing part about a——Woman—— [*falls down.*

Mercury *alone.*

Lord what have I ſuffer'd, for being but a counterfeit married Man one day! If ever I come to this Houſe, as a Husband again—then—and yet that then, was a lye too——For while I am in Love with this young Gipſie, *Phœdra*, I muſt return——But lie thou there, thou Type of *Juno*: thou that want'ſt nothing of her Tongue, but the immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee ſet Foot in Heaven, *Juno* will have a ratling Second of thee; and there will never be a fair Day in Heaven or Earth after it.

For two ſuch Tongues, will break the Poles aſunder,
And, hourly ſcolding, make perpetual Thunder. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT. III.

Scene *before* Amphitryon's *Pallace.*

Amphitryon *and* Soſia.

Amp. NOw Sirrah, follow me into the Houſe, thou ſhalt be convinc'd at thy own coſt, Villain! What horrible lyes haſt thou told me! ſuch improbabilities, ſuch ſtuff, ſuch nonſence!——that the Monſter with two long Horns, that frighted the great King, and the Devil at the Stone-cutters, are Truths to theſe!

Soſ. I am but a Slave, and you are Maſter; and a poor man is always to lye, when a rich man is pleas'd to contradict him: but as ſure as this is our Houſe—

Amp. So

Amp. So sure 'tis thy place of Execution. Thou art not made for lying neither.

Sos. That's certain: for all my Neighbours say I have an honest Face; or else they wou'd never call me Cuckold, as they do.

Amp. I mean thou hast not wit enough to make a lye, that will hang together: thou hast set up a Trade, that thou hast not Stock enough to manage: O that I had but a Crab-tree Cudgel for thy sake!

Sos. How, a Cudgel, said you! the Devil take *Jupiter* for inventing that hard-hearted, mercileſs, knobby Wood.

Amp. The bitterneſs is yet to come: thou haſt had but a half Doſe of it.

Sos. I was never good at ſwallowing Phyſick: and my Stomach wambles at the very thought of it; but, if I muſt have a ſecond beating, in conſcience let me ſtrip firſt, that I may ſhow you the black and blue ſtreaks upon my Sides and Shoulders. I am ſure I ſuffer'd them in your ſervice.

Amp. To what purpoſe wou'dſt thou ſhow them?

Sos. Why to the purpoſe that you may not ſtrike me upon the ſore places: and that as he beat me laſt Night croſs-ways, ſo you wou'd pleaſe to beat me long-ways, to make clean work on't, that at leaſt my Skin may look like Checquer-work.

Amp. This requeſt is too reaſonable to be refus'd; but, that all things may be done in order, tell me over again the ſame ſtory, with all the circumſtances of thy Commiſſion: that a blow may follow in due form for every lye. To Repetition Rogue, to Repetition.

Sos. No, it ſhall be all a lye if you pleaſe, and I'll eat my Words to ſave my Shoulders.

Amp. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be diſproved: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sos. With all my heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel: but, wou'd you be pleas'd to anſwer me one civil queſtion? Am I to uſe Complaiſance to you, as to a great Perſon, that will have all things ſaid your own way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther beating?

Amp. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth: ſo help thee Cudgel——

Sos. That's a damn'd concluſion of a Sentence: but ſince it muſt be ſo——— Back and Sides, at your own peril——I ſet out from the Port in an unlucky Hour: the dusky Canopy of Night invelaping the Hemiſphere———

Amph. *ſtrikes him. Imprimis* for Fuſtian:———Now proceed.

Sos. I ſtand corrected: in plain Proſe then, I went darkling, and whiſtling, to keep my ſelf from being afraid; mumbling Curſes betwixt my Teeth, for being ſent at ſuch an unnatural time of Night.

Amp. How Sirrah, Curſing and Swearing againſt your Lord and Maſter! take——— [*Going to ſtrike.*

Sos. Hold, Sir——pray conſider, if this be not unreaſonable, to ſtrike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old dog-trot of lying again, if this muſt come of plain dealing.

Amp. To avoid impertinences, make an end of your journey; and come to the Houſe: what found you there a God's Name?

Sos. I came thither in no God's Name at all; but in the Devil's name, I found before:

before the door a ſwingeing Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features; and accoutred alſo in my Habit.

Amp. Who was that Fellow?

Soſ. Who ſhou'd it be, but another *Soſia!* a certain kind of other me: who knew all my unfortunate Commiſſion, preciſely, to a word, as well as I *Soſia*; as being ſent by your ſelf from the Port, upon the ſame errand to *Alcmena*.

Amp. What groſs Abſurdities are theſe!

Soſ. O Lord, O Lord, what Abſurdities! as plain as any Packſtaff. That other me, had poſted himſelf there before me, me. You won't give a Man leave to ſpeak Poetically now; or elſe I wou'd ſay, That I was arriv'd at the Door, before I came thither.

Amp. This muſt either be a Dream, or Drunkenneſs, or Madneſs in thee: Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Soſ. I wou'd you ſhou'd know I ſcorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but juſt Fighting. I tell you once again in plain ſincerity, and ſimplicity of Heart, that before laſt Night I never took my ſelf but for one ſingle individual *Soſia*; but, coming to our Door, I found my ſelf I know not how divided, and as it were ſplit into two *Soſia*'s.

Amp. Leave Buffooning: I ſee you wou'd make me laugh, but you play the Fool ſcurvily.

Soſ. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this company.

Amp. How now, Impudence! I ſhall———

Soſ. Be not in wrath, Sir: I meant not you: I cannot poſſibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool, I muſt certainly be two Fools; becauſe, as I told you, I am double.

Amp. That one ſhou'd be two, is very probable!

Soſ. Have not you ſeen a Six-pence ſplit into two halves, by ſome ingenious School-Boy; which bore on either ſide the Impreſſion of the Monarch's Face: now as thoſe moieties were two Three-pences, and yet in effect but one Six-pence.———

Amp. No more of your villanous Tropes and Figures.

Soſ. Nay, if an Orator muſt be diſarm'd of his ſimilitudes———

Amp. A Man had need of patience, to endure this Gibberiſh: be brief, and come to a concluſion.

Soſ. What wou'd you have, Sir? I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me: for that there was two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This I, that am here, was weary: the t'other I was freſh: this I was peaceable, and t'other I was a hectoring Bully I.

Amp. And thou expect'ſt I ſhou'd believe thee?

Soſ. No; I am not ſo unreaſonable: for I cou'd never have believ'd it my ſelf, if I had not been well beaten into it: But a Cudgel you know is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fiſt: What ſhall I ſay, but that I was compell'd at laſt to acknowledge my ſelf! I found that he was very I, without fraud, cozen, or deceit. Beſides, I view'd my ſelf, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot: He was Handſome, of a noble Preſence, a charming Air, looſe and free in all his Motions. And ſaw he was ſo much I, that I ſhou'd have reaſon to be better ſatisfied with my own Perſon, if his Hands had not been a little of the heavieſt.

Amp. Once

Amp. Once again to a Concluſion; Say you paſs'd by him, and entred into the Houſe.

Soſ. I am a Friend to Truth, and ſay no ſuch thing: He defended the door, and I could not enter.

Amp. How, not enter!

Soſ. Why, how ſhou'd I enter, unleſs I were a Spright to glide by him, and ſhoot my ſelf through Locks, and Bolts, and two-inch-boards?

Amph. O Coward! didſt thou not attempt to paſs?

Soſ. Yes, and was repuls'd and beaten for my pains.

Amp. Who beat thee?

Soſ. I beat *Me.*

Amp. Didſt thou beat thy ſelf?

Soſ. I don't mean *I*, here: but the abſent *Me*, beat me here preſent.

Amp. There's no end of this intricate piece of Nonſenſe.

Soſ. 'Tis only Nonſenſe becauſe I ſpeak it, who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Senſe, and Subſtantial Senſe, if a great Man ſaid it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of ten Thouſand Pounds a Year.

Amp. No more; But let us enter: Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! How ſtrangely will ſhe be ſurpriz'd to ſee me here, ſo unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena *and* Phædra.

Alc. to *Phædra.* Make haſte after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Succeſs, which *Amphitryon* has had againſt the Rebels.
Oh Heavens! [*Seeing him.*

Amp. Thoſe Heav'ns, and all their bleſt Inhabitants, [*Saluting her.*
Grant, that the ſweet Rewarder of my pains
May ſtill be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alc. So ſoon return'd!

Amp. So ſoon return'd! Is this my Welcome home? [*Stepping back.*
So ſoon return'd, ſays I am come unwiſh'd.
This is no Language of deſiring Love:
Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years:
And every little Abſence is an Age.

Alc. What ſays my Lord?

Amp. No, my *Alcmena*, no:
True Love by its impatience meaſures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too ſoon.

Alc. Nor ever came you ſo, nor ever ſhall:
But you, your ſelf are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Deſires, and ſurfeited of Bliſs;
Not ſo I met you at your laſt return;
When, Yeſternight, I flew into your Arms,
And melted in your warm Embrace.

Amp. How's this?

Alc. Did not my Soul ev'n ſparkle at my Eyes,
And ſhoot it ſelf into your much lov'd Boſom?

Did I not tremble with excess of Joy?
Nay agonize with pleasure at your sight,
With such inimitable Proofs of Passion,
As no false Love cou'd feign!

Amp. What's this you tell me?

Alc. Far short of Truth, by Heav'n!
And you return'd those Proofs with Usury;
And, left me with a Sigh, at Break of Day.
Have you forgot?

Amp. Or have you dream't, *Alcmena?*
Perhaps some kind, revealing Deity,
Has whisper'd in your Sleep, the pleasing News
Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!
Perhaps too, in your Dream, you us'd me kindly;
And my preventing Image, reap'd the Joys
You meant awake to me.

Alc. Some melancholy Vapour, sure, has seiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and disturb'd your Sense:
Or Yesternight is not so long a time,
But you might yet remember; and not force
An honest Blush into my glowing Cheeks,
For that which lawful Marriage makes no Crime.

Amp. I thank you for my Melancholy Vapour.

Alc. 'Tis but a just requital for my Dream.

Phæd. I find my Master took too much of the Creature last night, and now is angling for a Quarrel, that no more may be expected from him to Night, when he has no Assets. [*Aside.*

[*In the mean time* Amph. *and* Alcm. *walk by themselves, and frown at each other as they meet.*

Amph. You dare not justifie it to my face.

Alc. Not what?

Amp. That I return'd before this hour?

Alc. You dare not, sure, deny you came last night,
And staid till Break of Day?

Amp. O Impudence!——Why *Sosia!*

Sos. Nay, I say nothing; for all things here, may go by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I know.

Alc. Speak, *Phædra*; Was he here?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-maid; and by my place, I am to forget all that was done over-night in Love-Matters,——unless my Master please to rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amp. Now in the name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*,
A little recollect your scatter'd Thoughts;
And weigh what you have said.

Alc. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e're I spoke:
And She, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves, and Servants,
Can witness they beheld you, when you came.
If other Proof were wanting, tell me how

I came

I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas*, in ſingle Combat?
And, farther, from whoſe hands I had a Jewel:
The Spoyls of him you ſlew.

Amph. This is amazing!
Have I already given you thoſe Diamonds,
The Preſent I reſerv'd?

Alcm. 'Tis an odd Queſtion:
You ſee I wear 'em; Look.

Amph. Now anſwer, *Soſia*.

Soſia. Yes, now I can anſwer with a ſafe Conſcience, as to that point, all the reſt may be Art Magick; but as for the Diamonds, here they are, under ſafe cuſtody.

Alcm. Then what are theſe upon my Arm? [*To* Soſia.

Soſ. Flints, or Pebbles, or ſome ſuch Trumpery of enchanted Stones.

Phædra. They ſay the proof of a true Diamond is to glitter in the dark; I think my Maſter had beſt take my Lady into ſome By-corner, and try whoſe Diamond will ſparkle beſt.

Soſ. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did not a certain Friend of mine preſent 'em to you?

Alcm. What Friend?

Soſ. Why another *Soſia*; one that made himſelf *Soſia* in my deſpight, and alſo unſociated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave your nauſeous Nonſenſe: break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Soſ. More words than one to a Bargain, Sir; I thank you: That's no part of prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals: Do you look firſt upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conſcience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [*Looking.*

Soſ. Then take the Signature into your own cuſtody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper peril. [*Giving him the Casket.*

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing, but an Empty ſpace; the Neſt where they were laid. [*Breaking open the Seal.*

Soſ. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine; here has been fine conjuring work; or elſe the Jewel, knowing to whom it ſhou'd be given, took occaſion to ſteal out, by a natural inſtinct, and ty'd it ſelf upon that pretty Arm.

Amp. Can this be poſſible!

Soſ. Yes, very poſſible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*, as well as *I Soſia*, have brought forth another *Me Soſia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated theſe Diamonds; and ſo we are all three double.

Phædra. If this be true, I hope myGoblet has gigg'd another Golden Goblet: and then they may carry double upon all four. [*Aſide.*

Alcm. My Lord, I have ſtood ſilent, out of wonder
What you cou'd wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a damp of Jealouſie, [*Aſide.*
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs.
I fear; and yet I muſt be ſatisfied:
And, to be ſatisfy'd, I muſt diſſemble.
Alcm. Why muſe you ſo, and murmur to your ſelf?
If you repent your Bounty, take it back——
Amph. Not ſo: but, if you pleaſe, relate what paſt,
At our laſt Enterview.
Alcm. That Queſtion wou'd infer you were not here.
Amph. I ſay not ſo;
I only wou'd refreſh my memory;
And have my Reaſons to deſire the Story.
Phædra. So: This is as good ſport for me as an Examination of a great Belly before a Magiſtrate.
Alcm. The Story is not long: you know I met you,
Kiſs'd you, and preſt you cloſe within my Arms,
With all the tenderneſs of Wively Love.
Amph. I cou'd have ſpar'd that Kindneſs. [*Aſide.*
And what did I? [*To her.*
Alcm. You ſtrain'd me with a Maſculine Embrace;
As you wou'd ſqueeze my Soul out.
Amph. Did I ſo?
Alcm. You did.
Amph. Confound thoſe Arms that were ſo kind—— [*Aſide.*
Proceed, proceed—— [*To her.*
Alcm. You wou'd not ſtay to ſup; but, much complaining of your drowſineſs, and want of natural Reſt——
Amph. Made haſte to Bed: Ha, was't not ſo? Go on—— [*Aſide.*
And ſtab me with each Syllable thou ſpeak'ſt.
Phædra. So, now 'tis coming, now 'tis coming.
Alcm. I have no more to ſay.
Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?
Alcm. Why not?
Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife
To go to Bed, my Lord?
Amph. Perfidious Woman!
Alcm. Ungrateful Man!
Amph. She juſtifies it too!
Alcm. I need not juſtifie: Of what am I accus'd?
Amph. Of all that prodigality of Kindneſs,
Giv'n to another, and uſurp'd from me.
So bleſs me Heav'n, if ſince my firſt departure,
I ever ſet my foot upon this Threſhold.
So am I innocent of all thoſe Joys,
And dry of thoſe Embraces.
Alcm. Then I, it ſeems, am falſe?
Amph. As ſurely falſe, as what thou ſay'ſt is true.

Alcm.

Alcm. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love?
And am a foul Adultreſs?
Amph. What thou art,
Thou ſtand'ſt condemn'd to be, by thy Relation.
Alcm. Go, thou unworthy; Man for ever go:
No more my Husband; go thou baſe Impoſtour;
Who tak'ſt a vile pretence to taint my Fame;
And, not content to leave, would'ſt ruine me.
Enjoy thy wiſh'd Divorce: I will not plead
My Innocence of this pretended Crime:
I need not; ſpet thy Venom; do thy worſt:
But know, the more thou wou'dſt expoſe my Vertue,
Like pureſt Linen laid in open Air,
'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the view.
Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:
For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation:
But, ſince thou haſt, with Impudence affirm'd
My falſe Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth ſhall, in the Face of *Thebes* be clear'd;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Seamen, ſhall be brought,
Who were embark'd, and came with me to Land;
Nor parted, till I reach'd this curſed Door:
So ſhall this Viſion of my late Return,
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to thoſe
Who thus betray'd my Honour.
Soſ. Sir, ſhall I wait on you?
Amph. No, I will go alone: Expect me here. [*Exit* Amphitryon.
Phædra. Pleaſe you——that I—— [*To* Alcmena.
Alcm. Oh! Nothing now can pleaſe me:
Darkneſs, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all th' inſeparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever—— [*Exit* Alcmena.
Soſ. What if I ſhou'd lye now, and ſay we have been here before? I never ſaw any good that came of telling truth. [*Aſide.*
Phædra. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin a little to ſuſpect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but Copper. [*Aſide.*
Soſ. Yes, 'tis reſolv'd, I will lye abominably, againſt the Light of my own Conſcience. For ſuppoſe the tother *Soſia* has been here: perhaps that ſtrong Dog has not only beaten me, but alſo has been predominant upon my Wife, and moſt carnally miſus'd her! now, by asking certain Queſtions of her, with a Side-Wind, I may come to underſtand how Squares go; and whether my Nuptial Bed be violated. [*Aſide.*
Phæd. Moſt certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his Maſter; and will deny his being here: but that ſhall not ſerve his turn, to cheat me of my Preſent!—— *Aſide.*
Why *Soſia*! what in a brown Study?

Sos. A little *cogitabund*, or so; concerning this dismal Revolution in our Family!

Phædra. But that shou'd not make you neglect your duty to me, your Mistress.

Sos. Pretty Soul; I wou'd thou wert: upon condition that old *Bromia* were six Foot under ground.

Phædra. What! Is all your hot Courtship to me, dwindl'd into a poor unprofitable Wish? You may remember I did not bid you absolutely despair.

Sos. No; for all things yet may be accommodated, in an amicable manner, betwixt my Master and my Lady.

Phædra. I mean, to the business, betwixt you and me———

Sos. Why, I hope we two never quarrel'd?

Phæd. Must I remember you of a certain Promise that you made me at our last parting?

Sos. Oh, when I went to the Army: that I shou'd still be praising thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Business betwixt you and me this Morning,——that you promis'd me———

Sos. That I promis'd thee———I find it now: That strong Dog, my Brother *Sosia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. [*Aside.*

Phædra. You are considering, whether or no, you should keep your Promise———

Sos. That I shou'd keep my Promise.———The truth on't is, she's another-ghess Morsel than old *Bromia*. [*Aside.*

Phæd. And I had rather you shou'd break it, in a manner, and, as it were, and in some Sense.———

Sos. In a manner, and as it were, and in some Sense, thou say'st?——I find, the strong Dog has only tickl'd up her Imagination, and not enjoy'd her: so that with my own Limbs, I may perform the sweetness of his Function with her. [*Aside.* No, sweet Creature, the Promise shall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will perform like a Man of Honour. [*To her.*

Phæd. Then, you remember the Preliminaries of the Present———

Sos. Yes, yes, in gross I do remember, something; but this disturbance of the Family, has somewhat stupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque chose*, I warrant thee; some acceptable Toy, of small value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet, a Toy: But I put a greater value upon your Presents.

Sos. A Gold Goblet, sayst thou! Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity after Consummation.

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make sure of one Bribe beforehand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Sos. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some Sense, a Gold Goblet, by way of Earnest; and it contain'd———

Phæd. One large———

Sos. How, one large———

Phæd. Gallon.

Sos. No; that was somewhat too Large, in Conscience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reasonaly speaking, one large——Thimble-full:

But

But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are ſo like, that in ſpeaking, I might eaſily miſtake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out Traytor!

Soſ. I had been a Traytor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the ſwallowing of a Gallon: but a Thimbleful of Cordial-water, is eaſily ſipt off: and then, this ſame Goblet is ſo very light too, that it will be no Burthen, to carry it about with thee, in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apoſtate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain! [*Enter* Bromia. What, are you here, *Bromia!* I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You ſee I can be a Friend, upon occaſion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindneſs: but, for this Fugitive,———this Rebel,———this Miſcreant.———

Soſ. A kind Welcome, to an abſent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me ſo barbarouſly, this Morning.

Soſ. The t'other *Soſia* has been with her too: and has us'd her barbarouſly: barbarouſly, that is to ſay, uncivilly: and uncivilly; I am afraid that means, too civilly. [*Aſide.*

Phæd. You had beſt deny you were here this Morning! And by the ſame Token———

Soſ. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's ſake, dear *Phædra.* Now muſt I ponder with my ſelf a little, whether it be better for me, to have been here, or not to have been here, this Morning. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. *Phædra*, My Lord's without; and will not enter till he has firſt ſpoken with you. [*Exit Servant.*

Phæd. Oh that I could ſtay to help worry thee for this Abuſe: but the beſt on't is, I leave thee in good hands——— {*To him in private.*

———Farewell Thimble.———To him, *Bromia.* [*Exit* Phædra.

Brom. No; you did not beat me, and put me into a Swound, and deprive me of the natural uſe of my Tongue for a long Half-hour: You did not beat me down, with your little Wand: But I ſhall teach you to uſe your Rod another time———I ſhall.

Soſ. Put her into a Swound, with my little Wand, and ſo forth: That's more than ever I cou'd do. Theſe are terrible Circumſtances that ſome *Soſia* or another, has been here: Now, if he has literally beaten her, Grammercy, Brother *Soſia*; he has but done, what I wou'd have done, if I had durſt: But I am afraid it was only a damn'd Love-figure; and that the Wand that lay'd her aſleep, might ſignifie the Peace-maker. [*Aſide.*

Brom. Now you are ſnuffling upon a cold Scent, for ſome pitiful Excuſe: I know you: twenty to one, but you will plead a Drunkenneſs: You are us'd to be pot-valiant.

Sos. I was pumping, and I thank her, she has invented for me.——Yes, *Bromia*, I must confess I was exalted: and, possibly, I might scour upon thee, or perhaps be a little more familiar with thy Person, by the way of Kindness, than if I had been sober; but, prithee, inform me what I did; that I may consider what satisfaction I am to make thee.

Brom. Are you there, at your Dog tricks! You wou'd be forgetting, wou'd you? like a drunken Bully that affronts over-night, and, when he is call'd to account, the next Morning, remembers nothing of the Quarrel; and asks pardon, to avoid fighting.

Sos. By *Bacchus*, I was overtaken; but I shou'd be loth that I committed any folly with thee.

Brom. I am sure, I kept my self awake all night, that I did, in expectation of your coming. [*Crying.*

Sos. But what amends did I make thee, when I came!

Brom. You know well enough, to my sorrow; but that you play the Hypocrite.

Sos. I warrant, I was monstrous kind to thee——

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed: You never said a truer word: for, when I came to kiss you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sos. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: He justifies!——

Sos. Yes, I do justifie, that I turn'd my Cheek, like a prudent Person, that my Breath might not offend thee: for, now I remember, I had eaten Garlick.

Brom. Ay, you remember, and forget, just as it makes for you, or against you: but, to mend the matter, you never spoke one civil word to me: but stood like a stock, without sense or motion.

Sos. Yes better. (*Aside.*

Brom. After which, I lovingly invited you to take your place in your Nuptial Bed, as the Laws of Matrimony oblige you: and you inhumanly refus'd me.

Sos. Ay, there's the main point of the Business! Art thou morally certain, that I refus'd thee: Look me now in the face, and say I did not commit Matrimony with thee!

Brom. I wonder how thou canst look me in the face, after that refusal!

Sos. Say it once again, that I did not feloniously come to Bed to thee!

Brom. No, thou cold Traitor, thou know'st thou didst not.

Sos. Best of all; 'twas discreetly done of me to abstain.

Brom. What do you insult upon me too!

Sos. No, I do not insult upon you;——but——

Brom. But what; How was it discreetly done then? Ha!

Sos. Because it is the receiv'd Opinion of Physicians, that nothing but puling Chitts, and Booby-Fools, are procreated in Drunkenness.

Brom. A receiv'd Opinion, Snivel-guts! I'll be judg'd by all the marry'd Women of this Town, if any one of 'em has receiv'd it: The Devil take the Physicians, for medling in our Matters: If a Husband will be rul'd by them, there are five weeks of Abstinence in *Dog-days* too; for fear a Child that was got

got in *August*, shou'd be born just nine Months after, and be blear-ey'd, like a *May*-Kitten.

Sos. Let the Physicians alone; they are honest Men, whatever the World says of 'em. But, for a certain reason, that I best know, I am glad that Matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes 'twas very fair and peaceable: to strike a Woman down, and beat her most outragiously.

Sos. Is it possible that I drubb'd thee!

Brom. I find your drift: You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: but, i'faith, you shall bring me to no more handy-blows: I shall make bold to trust to my Tongue hereafter: You never durst have offer'd to hold up a finger against me, till you went a Trooping.

Sos. Then I am a Conqueror: and I laud my own Courage: This Renown I have atchiev'd by Souldiership and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouse, henceforward to your Supream Commander. [*Strutting.*

Enter Jupiter *and* Phædra, *attended by Musicians and Dancers.*

Phæd. Indeed I wondred at your quick return.

Jup. Ev'n so Almighty Love will have it, *Phædra*;
And the stern Goddess of sweet-bitter Cares,
Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke.
I wou'd have mann'd my heart, and held it out;
But when I thought of what I had possest;
Those joys, that never end, but to begin,
O, I am all on fire to make my peace:
And die, *Jove* knows, as much as I can die,
Till I am reconcil'd.

Phæd. I fear 'twill be in vain.

Jup. 'Tis difficult;
But nothing is impossible to Love:
To Love like mine; for I have prov'd his force,
And my *Alcmena* too has felt his Dart.
If I submit, there's hope.

Phæd. 'Tis possible I may sollicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best?

Phæd. Nay I promise nothing——unless you begin
To promise first.—— [*Curt'sying.*

Jup. I wou'not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to the Window: You shall have a shoot at her: if you can bring her down, you are a good Markes-man.

Jup. That's all I ask:
And I will so reward thee, Gentle *Phædra*——

Phæd. What, with Cats-gut and Rosin! This *Sol-la*; is but a lamentable, empty, sound.

Jup.

Jup. Then there's a ſound will pleaſe thee better. [*Throwing her a Purſe.*

Phæd. Ay, there's ſomething of Melody in this ſound.
I cou'd dance all day, to the Muſick of *Chink, Chink.* [*Exit* Phædra.

Jup. Go *Soſia* round our *Thebes*,
To *Polydas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War; invite 'em all,
To joyn their Pray'rs to ſmooth *Alcmena*'s Brow;
And, with a ſolemn Feaſt, to crown the day.

Soſ. (*Taking* Jupiter *about the Knees.*)
Let me embrace you, Sir——— [Jupiter *puſhes him away.*
Nay, you muſt give me leave to expreſs my Gratitude; I have not eaten, to ſay eating, nor drunk, to ſay drinking, never ſince our villanous encamping ſo near the Enemy: 'Tis true, I ſcap'd the bloody-Flux, becauſe I had ſo little in my Bowels to come out; and I durſt let nothing go, in Conſcience, becauſe I had nothing to ſwallow in the room on't.

Jup. You, *Bromia*, ſee that all things be prepar'd,
With that Magnificence, as if ſome God
Were Gueſt, or Maſter here.

Soſ. Or rather, as much, as if twenty Gods were to be Gueſts, or Maſters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to day, and to morrow.

Soſ. Or, rather again, for to day and yeſterday; and as many Months backwards, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you. [*Exeunt* Soſia *and* Bromia *ſeverally.*

Jup. Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Soſia*,
(Who, tho' thou art not preſent, hear'ſt my voice,)
Be ready to attend me at my Call;
And to ſupply his place. [*Enter* Mercury *to* Jupiter.

Alcmena *and* Phædra *appear above.* Jupiter *ſeeing* Alcmena.

Jup. See, ſhe appears:
This is my Bribe to *Phædra*; when I made
This Gold, I made a greater God than *Jove*,
And gave my own Omnipotence away.

Jupiter *ſings to the Muſicians. Song and Dance: after which,* Alcmena *withdraws, frowning.*

SONG.

I.

CElia, that I once was bleſt
Is now the Torment of my Breaſt;
Since to curſe me, you bereave me
Of the Pleaſures I poſſeſt:
Cruel Creature, to deceive me!
Firſt to love, and then to leave me!

II. *Had*

II.

Had you the Bliſs refus'd [illegible]
Then I had [illegible]
But poſſeſſi[illegible]
Is the Ca[illegible]
Once poſſeſſing [illegible]
'Tis no Bliſs that [illegible]

III.

Celia *now is mine no more;*
But I am hers, and muſt adore:
Nor to leave her will endeavour;
Charms, that captiv'd me before,
No unkindneſs can diſſever;
Love that's true, is Love for ever.

Jup. O ſtay.
Merc. She's gone; and ſeem'd to frown at parting.
Jup. Follow, and thou ſhalt ſee her ſoon appeas'd:
For I, who made her, know her inward ſtate:
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate:
I gave 'em Beauty, to ſubdue the ſtrong:
(A mighty Empire, but it laſts not long:)
I gave 'em Pride to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave:
Th' offending Lover, when he loweſt lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to riſe.

The End of the Th[illegible]

The FOURTH ACT.

Jupiter *following* Alcmena; Mercury *and* Phædra.

Jupiter. O Stay, my dear *Alcmena*, hear me ſpeak.
Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee, to the ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice, to ſcape thy ſight.
Jup. For pity———
Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man.
Jup. I cannot leave you: no; but like a Ghoſt
Whom your unkindneſs murder'd, will I haunt you.
Alcm. Once more, be gone: I'm odious to my ſelf
For having lov'd thee once.
Jup. Hate not the beſt and faireſt of your Kind:
Nor can you hate your Lover though you wou'd;
Your Tears, that fall ſo gently, are but grief:
There may be Anger; but there muſt be Love.
The Dove, that murmurs at her Mate's neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyneſs, to be courted.
Alcm. Courtſhip from thee, and after ſuch affronts!
Jup. Is this that everlaſting Love you vow'd,
Laſt Night when I was Circled in your Arms?
Remember what you ſwore———
Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd ſwear too much?
Think what thou art, and that unſwears it all.
Jup. Can you forſake me, for ſo ſmall a fault?
'Twas but a Jeſt, perhaps too far purſu'd:
'Twas but at moſt, a Trial of your Faith,
How you cou'd bear unkindneſs:
'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiſs,
A wanton Stratagem of Love.
Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare,
A jeſt, and then a Trial, then a Bait;
All ſtuff, and daubing!
Jup. Think me jealous, then:
Alcm. O that I cou'd; for that's a noble Crime;
And which a Lover can with eaſe, forgive:
'Tis the high pulſe of Paſſion, in a Fever;
A ſickly draught, but ſhews a burning Thirſt:
Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealouſie:
And in that loathing of a full gorg'd Love,
Thou ſaw'ſt the nauſeous Object, with diſdain.

Jup.

Jup. O think not that: for you are ever new.
Your fruits of Love, are like eternal Spring
In happy Climes, where ſome are in the bud,
Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.
Alcm. Ay, now you tell me this,
When rous'd deſires, and freſh recruits of force,
Enable languiſh'd Love to take the field.
But never hope to be receiv'd again:
You won'd again deny you were receiv'd;
And brand my ſpotleſs Fame.
Jup. I will not dare to juſtifie my Crime,
But only point you where to lay the blame:
Impute it to the Husband, not the Lover.
Alcm. How vainly wou'd the Sophiſter divide,
And make the Husband and the Lover, two!
Jup. Yes 'tis the Husband is the guilty Wretch:
His Inſolence forgot the Sweets of Love,
And, deeming them his due, deſpis'd the Feaſt.
Not ſo the Famiſh'd Lover cou'd forget:
He knew he had been there, and had been bleſt,
With all that Hope can wiſh, or Senſe can bear.
Alcm. Husband, and Lover, both alike I hate.
Jup. And I confeſs I have deſerv'd that hate: [*Kneeling.*
Too charming fair, I kneel for your forgiveneſs:
I beg by thoſe fair Eyes,
Which gave me wounds, that time can never cure;
Receive my Sorrows, and reſtore my Joys.
Alcm. Unkind, and cruel! I can ſpeak no more.
Jup. O give it vent *Alcmena*, give it vent;
I merit your reproach, I wou'd be curs'd:
Let your Tongue curſe me while your Heart forgives.
Alcm. Can I forget ſuch Uſage!
Jup. Can you hate me?
Alcm. I'll do my beſt: for ſure I ought to hate you.
Jup. That word was only hatch'd upon your Tongue,
It came not from your Heart. But try again,
And if, once more, you can but ſay, I hate you,
My Sword ſhall do you juſtice.
Alcm. Then I hate you.——
Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my Death?
Alcm. I hate you, much; but yet I love you more.
Jup. To prove that Love, then ſay, that you forgive me:
For there remains but this Alternative:
Reſolve to pardon, or to puniſh me.
Alcm. Alas, what I reſolve appears too plain:
In ſaying that I cannot hate, I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal?
Permit me, in this Tranſport of my Joy—— [*Kiſſes her Hand.*
Alcm. Forbear; I am offended with my ſelf, { *Putting him gently away*
That I have ſhewn this Weakneſs.——Let me go, { *with her Hand.*
Where I may bluſh, alone.—— [*Going; and looking back on him.*
But come not you:
Leſt I ſhou'd ſpoil you, with exceſs of Fondneſs,
And let you love again.—— [*Exit* Alcmena.
Jup. Forbidding me to follow, ſhe invites me: [*Aſide.*
This is the Mould of which I made the Sex:
I gave 'em but one Tongue to ſay us nay;
And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be ſure that none [*To* Mercury.
Approach, to interrupt our privacy [*Exit* Jupiter *after* Alcmena.

Mercury *and* Phædra *remain.*

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Soſia*: for my Lady had the Diamonds aforehand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet ſhall be forth-coming; if thou wilt give me weight for weight.

Phæd. Yes and meaſure for meaſure too, *Soſia*: that is, for a Thimbleful of Gold, a Thimbleful of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra*? Here's { *Pulling out the Goblet in a Caſe,*
a weighty Argument of Love for you { *from under his Cloak.*

Phæd. Now *Jupiter*, of his Mercy, let me kiſs thee, O thou { *Taking it in*
dear Metal! { *both Hands.*

Merc. And *Venus*, of her Mercy, let me kiſs thee, dear, dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not ſo faſt, *Soſia!* there's a damn'd Proverb in your way: *Many things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lips*, you know.

Merc. Why thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as ſure as you won'd cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am yet, but juſt even with you, for the laſt Trick you play'd me. And, beſides; this is but a bare Retaining Fee; you muſt give me another, before the Cauſe is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-ſide, to Night.

Phæd. No, nor to Morrow-Night neither: but this ſhall be my Sweeet-heart in your place: 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer, in cold Weather. [*Exit* Phædra.

Mercury *alone.*

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I ſtole from *Gripus*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common fate of ill gotten Goods, that as they came in by Covetouſneſs, they go out by Whoring.——Oh, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll [*Enter* Amphitryon.
manage him bove in the Balcony. *Exit* Mercury.

Amph.

Amph. Not one of those I look'd for, to be found!
Has some Enchantment hid 'em from my sight!
Perhaps, as *Sosia* says, 'tis Witchcraft all:
Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be stol'n;
But how I came, in person, yesterday,
And gave that Present to *Alcmena*'s hands,
That which I never gave, nor ever came,
O there's the Rock, on which my Reason splits:
Would that were all! I fear my Honour, too!
I'll try her once again: She may be mad:
A wretched Remedy; but all I have,
To keep me from despair.

Mercury. This is no very charitable Action of a God, to use him ill, who has never offended me: but my Planet disposes me to Malice: and when we great Persons do but a little Mischief, the World has a good bargain of us. [*From the Balcony, Aside.*

Amph. How now! what means the locking up of my Doors, at this time of day? [*Knocks.*

Merc. Softly, Friend, softly: You knock as loud and as sawcily, as a Lord's Footman, that was sent before him, to warn the Family of his Honour's Visit. Sure you think the Doors have no feeling! What the Devil are you, that rap with such Authority?

Amph. Look out, and see: 'tis I.

Merc. You: What You?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom first?

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had best command 'em, and try whether they will obey You.

Amph. Dost thou not know me!

Merc. Prithee, how shou'd I know thee? Dost thou take me for a Conjurer?

Amph. What's this Midsummer-Moon? Is all the World gone a madding? Why *Sosia!*

Merc. That's my Name indeed: Didst thou think I had forgot it!

Amph. Dost thou see me?

Merc. Why, dost thou pretend to go invisible? If thou hast any business here, dispatch it quickly; I have no leisure to throw away upon such pratling Companions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave? How dar'st thou use this insolent Language to thy Master!

Merc. How! Thou my Master? By what Title? I never had any other Master, but *Amphitryon.*

Amph. Well: and for whom dost thou take me?

Merc. For some Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How shou'd I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thy self! thou *Amphitryon*? In what Tavern hast thou been? And how many Bottles did thy business, to metamorphose thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this insolence.

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatning your Betters! I shou'd bring you to condign punishment, but that I have a great respect for the good Wine, though I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What, none to let me in? Why *Phædra! Bromia!*

Merc. Peace Fellow; if my Wife hear's thee, we are both undone. At a word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very busie; one in making a Cawdle for my Lady? and the other in heating Napkins, to rub down my Lord, when he rises from Bed.

Amph. Amazement seizes me.

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Master and my Lady had a falling out, and are retir'd without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddlesome Fool, thou wou'dst not be thrusting thy Nose into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy business, if thou hast any; for I'll hear no more of thee. [*Exit* Mercury *from above.*

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, dishonour'd by my Wife,
To what a desp'rate plunge am I reduc'd,
If this be true the Villain says? But why
That feeble, If! It must be true; She owns it.
Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th' Affront?
One way, I spread my infamy abroad;
And, t'other, hide a burning coal, within;
That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix
On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him Sosia, Polydas, Gripus, Tranio.

Gripus. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning: 'tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sos. I begin to be afraid, that he has more stomach to my Sides, and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his head! and stamps, and what strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again; I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair-spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sos. Why this is as it shou'd be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent humour; Yes, we will have a crash at the Bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see; and they are notable Topers; especially Judge *Gripus.*

Grip. Yes, 'faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus. [*To* Sosia.

Sos. Here's

Sos. Here's a fine business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my legs cou'd carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my diligence, in all affairs belonging to the belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be witness, where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sos. Why, to my best remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph. What Nonsense dost thou plead for an Excuse, of thy foul language, and thy base replies!

Sos. You fright a Man out of his senses, first; and blame him, afterwards, for talking nonsense:——but 'tis better for me to talk nonsense, than for some to do nonsense: I will say that, what e're comes on't. Pray Sir, let all things be done decently: what, I hope, when a man is to be hang'd, he is not trust'd upon the Gallows, like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your pardon, Gentlemen: I have no longer patience to forbear him.

Sos. Justice, justice, my Lord *Gripus*: as you are a true Magistrate, protect me. Here's a process of Beating going forward, without sentence given.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this must not be: Let me first understand the demerits of the Criminal.

Sos. Hold you to that point, I beseech your Honour, as you commiserate the Case of a poor, innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To shut the door against me, in my very face, to deny me entrance, to brave me from the Balcony, to laugh at me, to threaten me: what proofs of Innocence call you these? but if I punish not this Insolence——[*Is going to beat him: and is held by* Polydas *and* Tranio.

I beg you let me go——

Sos. I charge you in the King's name hold him fast; for you see he's bloodily dispos'd.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thy self, *Sosia*?

Sos. I say, in the first place, be sure you hold him, Gentlemen: for I shall never plead worth one farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Polyd. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sos. Then, if I may speak boldly, under my Lord's favour, I do not say he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that: but his Lordship fibbs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? yet will you not let me go?

Sos. No Impudence at all, my Lord: for how cou'd I, naturally speaking, be in the Balcony, and affronting you; when at the same time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting these Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip. Hold a little: How long since was it that he spoke to you, from the said Balcony?

Amph. Just now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Sos. Now speak my Witnesses.

Grip. I can answer for him, for this last half hour.

Polyd. And I.

Tran. And I.

Sos. Now.

Sos. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whether I was not a civil well-bred person, to tell my Lord he fibbs only.

Amph. Who gave you that order, to invite 'em?

Sos. He that best might; your self: by the same token, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a brace, or a lease; no, now I think on't, it was for ten couple of Gods, to make sure of plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commission?

Sos. Why you gave me this pretended Commission, when you were just ready to give my Lady the Fiddles and a Dance; in order, as I suppose, to your second bedding.

Amph. Where, in what place, did I give this order?

Sos. Here, in this place; in the presence of this very door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd speak, they wou'd both justifie it.

Amph. O Heaven! these accidents are so surprizing, that the more I think of 'em, the more I am lost in my imagination.

Grip. Nay, he has told us some passages, as he came along, that seem to surpass the power of Nature.

Sos. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Sosia?* 'tis a sly Youth: pray Heaven you have not just such another Relation, within doors, call'd *Amphitryon.* It may be it was he, that put upon me, in your likeness: and perhaps he may have put something upon your Lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the forehead.

Amph. to those who hold him. Let me go:——*Sosia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him:——Open the door; I'll resolve my doubts immediately.

Sos. The door is peremptory, that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inside, is in possession; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted; break open the door there.

Grip. Stir not a man of you, to his assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my Adultress too, because she is thy Niece?

Grip. I take part with nothing, but the Law; and, to break the doors open, is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command 'em, then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph. (aside.) The Devil take all Justice-brokers:——I curse him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witness!——But I'll bring Souldiers to force open the doors, by my own Commission. [*Exit* Amphitryon.

Sos. Pox o' these forms of Law, to defeat a man of a Dinner, when he's sharp set: 'tis against the priviledge of a free-born Stomach; and is no less than subversion of Fundamentals. [Jupiter *above in the Balcony.*

Jup. Oh, my Friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long: you are welcome; and the door shall be open'd to you immediately. [*Exit* Jupiter.

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon?*

Sos. Why, who shou'd it be else?

Grip. In all appearance it was he: but how got he thither?

Polyd. In such a trice too!

Tran. And

Tran. And after he had just left us?

Grip. And so much alter'd, for the better, in his humour?

Sos. Here's such a company of foolish questions, when a man's a hungry: Your had best stay dinner till he has prov'd himself to be *Amphrityon* in form of Law: But I'll make short work of that business: for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I shou'd be glad it were.

Sos. How glad it were? with your damn'd Interrogatories, when you ought to be thankful, that so it is.

Grip. (*aside*) That I may see my Mistress *Phædra*, and present her with my great Gold Goblet.

Sos. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without doors, fasting, and biting my own Fingers, for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*: I am sure 'tis he is my lawfully begotten Lord: and if you had an Ounce of true justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostour, and a Vagabond.

[*The Door is open'd:* Mercury *from within.*

Merc. Enter quickly, Masters: The Passage on the right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you:——for I am call'd another way.

[Gripus, Tranio, *and* Polydas *go into the House.*

Sos. I shou'd know that Voice, by a secret Instinct; 'tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Sosia*: it must be so; for it carries a cudgelling kind of sound in it.——But put the worst: let me weigh this matter wisely: Here's a beating, and a belly-full: against no beating, and no belly-full. The beating is bad; but the dinner is good: now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but, not to fill my belly, is positively bad.——Upon the whole matter, my final resolution is, to take the good and the bad as they come together [*Is entring:* Mercury *meets him at the Door.*

Merc. Whither now, you kitchen-skumm? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without permission?

Sos. Most Illustrious Sir: my Ticket is my hunger: shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty bowels of my famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sos. You'll get but little credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but meer Carrion! Brave *Sosia*, Compassionate Coward *Sosia*: and beat not thy self in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that privilege, Sirrah, to assume my Name? have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it? and receiv'd part of punishment already?

Sos. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us: and we may use it in common, like a Strumpet: witness heaven, that I wou'd have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to the Name; but where ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sosia*, in spight me: I am sensible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Sosia's*? Let those two cut one anothers throats at their own pleasure: but you and I will be wiser, by my consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sosia's* wou'd but make two Fools.

Sos. Then let me be the fool; and be you the prudent person: and chuse for your self some wiser name: or you shall be the Elder Brother; and I'll be content to be the Younger; though I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee, I am the only Son of our Family.

Sos. Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore; I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, Thou shalt not disgrace my Father: For there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sos. Ah! Poor *Sosia!* What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper name?

Sos. I did not mean my self: I was thinking of another *Sosia*, a poor fellow, that was once of my acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of doors, when dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. Sosia, you and I must——Bless me! What have we here, a Couple of you, or do I see double?

Sos. I wou'd fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he wou'd be content to be but one and a half, 'twou'd never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal: I kick him, and cudgel him to no purpose: for still he's obstinate to stick to me: and I can never beat him out of my resemblance.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Sosia?* For t'other must be the Devil.

Sos. You had best ask him that has play'd the Devil with my back and sides.

Merc. You had best ask him who gave you the Gold Gobblet?

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sosia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been Interloping, Sirrah.

Sos. No, indeed, Sir; I only promis'd her a gold Thimble: which was as much as comes to my proportion of being *Sosia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sosia* for my money: beat him away, t'other *Sosia*: he grows insufferable.

Sos. (*aside.*) Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the dinner; for a pragmatical Son of a Whore, as he is——

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sos. I am sure I meant you no offence: for, if I am not *Sosia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know: and, if you are *Sosia*, you may be the Son of a Whore for ought you know.

Merc. What ever I am, I will be *Sosia* as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the civility of the Cudgel.

Sos. If you will promise to beat me into the house, you may begin when you please with me: but, to be beaten out of the house, at dinner time, flesh and blood can never bear it.

Mercury

{Mercury *beats him about, and* Sosia *is still making towards the door: but* Mercury *gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*

Phæd. In the name of wonder, what are you, that are *Sosia*, and are not *Sosia*?

Merc. If thou would'st know more of me, my person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again: for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my use.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsom, as I please: go to bed old, and rise young. I have so many Sutes of persons by me, that I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Cloaths, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: Ask no more questions; I am for thy turn; for I know thy heart: and see all thou hast about thee.

Phæd. Then you can see my back-side too; there's a bargain for you———

Merc. In thy right pocket:——let me see:——three Love Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the bottom, on three sides; full of fustian passion, and hearty nonsence: as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine Lines and a half: scrawl'd and false spell'd, to show thou art a Woman; and full of fraudulence, and equivocations, and shoeing-horns of Love to him; to promise much, and mean nothing; to show, over and above, that thou art a meer Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to see all this? Now for Heaven's sake, do not look into t'other Pocket.———

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a little godly Prayer-book, and——a bawdy Lampoon, and———

Phæd. (*Giving a great frisk.*)

Look no farther, I beseech you.———

Merc. And a Silver Spoon———

Phæd. (*Shrieking.*)———Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd last night from *Bromia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counsel, or I am undone for ever. {*Holding up her hands to him.*

Merc. No, I'll Mortifie thee, now I have a handle to thy Iniquity, If thou wilt not love me.———

Phæd. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you: because indeed I dare doe no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl; I will be secret; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy filching: for thou and I were born under the same Planet.

Phæd. And we shall come both to the same end too, I'm afraid.

Merc. No, no; since thou hast wit enough already to cozen a Judge; thou need'st never fear hanging.

Phæd. And will you make your self a younger man, and be handsome too: and rich? for you that know hearts, must needs know, that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sosia*.

Merc. Thou shalt know more of that another time: in the mean while, here's a cast of my Office for thee.

{*He stamps upon the ground: some Dancers come from underground: and others from the sides of the Stage: A Song, and a fantastick Dance.*

Mercury's SONG to Phædra.

I.

FAir Iris *I love, and hourly I dye,*
But not for a Lip, nor a languishing Eye:
She's fickle and false, and there we agree;
For I am as false, and as fickle as she:
We neither believe what either can say;
And, neither believing, we neither betray.

II.

'Tis civil to swear, and say things of course;
We mean not the taking for better for worse.
When present, we love; when absent agree:
I think not of Iris, *nor* Iris *of me:*
The Legend of Love no Couple can find
So easie to part, or so equally join'd.

After, the Dance.

Phædra. This Power of yours makes me suspect you for little better than a God; but if you are one, for more certainty, tell me what I am just now thinking.

Merc. Why, thou art thinking, let me see; for thou art a Woman, and your minds are so variable, that it's very hard even for a God to know them. But, to satisfie thee, thou art wishing, now, for the same Power I have exercis'd; that thou mightest stamp, like me; and have more Singers come up for another Song.

Phædra. Gad, I think the Devil's in you. Then I do stamp in some body's Name, but I know not whose; (*stamps*) Come up, Gentle-folks, from below; and sing me a Pastoral Dialogue, where the Woman may have the better of the Man; as we always have in Love matters. [*New Singers come up and sing a Song.*

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt *Thyrsis* and *Iris.*

I.

Thyrsis. *FAir* Iris *and her Swain*
Were in a shady Bow'r;
Where Thyrsis *long in vain*
Had sought the Shepherd's hour:
At length his Hand advancing upon her snowy Breast;
He said, O kiss me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
If you will make me Blest.

An

II.

Iris. *An easie yielding Maid,*
By trusting is undone;
Our Sex is oft betray'd,
By granting Love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your Suff'rings to redress;
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

III.

Thyrsis. *The little Care you show,*
of all my Sorrows past;
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last.
Fair Iris *kiss me kindly, in pity of my Fate;*
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV.

Iris. *You fondly Court your Bliss,*
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take.
So you may Kiss me kindly, and I will not rebell;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But Kiss me not and tell.

V.

A RONDEAU.

Chorus. *Thus at the height we love and live,*
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more:
But what to day will take away,
To morrow will restore.
Thus at the heighth we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

Phædra. Adieu, I leave you to pay the Musick: Hope well, Mr. Planett; there's a better Heav'n in store for you: I say no more, but you can guess.

Exit.

Mercury, alone.

Such Bargain-loves, as I with *Phædra* treat,
Are all the Leagues and Friendſhips of the Great:
All ſeek their Ends; and each wou'd other cheat.
They only ſeem to hate, and ſeem to love;
But Int'reſt is the point on which they move.
Their Friends are Foes; and Foes are Friends agen;
And, in their turns, are Knaves, and Honeſt men.
Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids moſt; for all Men wou'd be ſold. [*Exit* Mercury.

ACT V.

Gripus, Phædra.

Gripus *has the Gobblet in his hand.*

Phæd. YOU will not be ſo baſe to take it from me?

Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: and I'll ſeize my own, in whatever hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only ſhow'd it you to provoke your generoſity, that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Preſent.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: and I'll indite you for a Receiver of Stoln Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Miſtreſs!

Phæd. Thou moſt mercenary Magiſtrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thy ſelf!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People: thou Weather-cock of Government: that when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'ſt to Priviledge; and when it changes for the Soveraign, veers to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Preſent?

Phæd. No: but I'll ſend thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will ſoon decide the difference. [*Exit* Phædra.

Enter Mercury, *with two Swords.*

Merc. Bowing.] Save your good Lordſhip.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb: I am out of humour, and am in haſte: leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my duty to attend on your Lordſhip, and to eaſe you of that undecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden, to one of my Profeſſion.

Merc. By your Lordſhip's permiſſion, *Phædra* has ſent me to take it from you.

Grip.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. Still bowing.] No, but by your Honour's permiſſion, I am to reſtore it to her, and perſwade your Lordſhip, to renounce your Pretenſions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one, nor t'other.

Merc. O my good Lord, I dare paſs my word for your free conſent to both.—Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your choice of one of theſe?

Grip. Why theſe are Swords: what have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your choice of one of them; which your Lordſhip pleaſes; and leave the other to your moſt Obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of theſe ungodly Weapons? take notice, I'll lay you by the heels, Sirrah: this has the appearance of an unlawful bloody challenge.

Merc. You Magiſtrates are pleas'd to call it ſo, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one anothers Throats.

Grip. Be anſwer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law ſhall decide our Controverſie.

Merc. By your permiſſion, my Lord; it muſt be diſpatch'd this way.

Grip. I'll ſee thee hang'd before I give thee any ſuch permiſſion, to diſpatch me into another World.

Merc. At the leaſt, my Lord, you have no occaſion to complain of my want of reſpect to you: you will neither reſtore the Gobblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuſe it: all this is done in the forms of honour: it follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own arbitrement; and I ſuppoſe, you are too honourable not to approve of my proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new ſort of Proceſs, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand, without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that ſignifie nothing, but to ſqueeze the Subject: therefore, with your Lordſhip's favour, I begin. [*Phillips him under the Chin.*

Grip. What's that for?

Merc. To give you an occaſion of returning me a box o' th' Ear: that ſo, all things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no anſwer, but ſuffer a Non-ſuit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Coſts and Charges are to be paid: will you pleaſe to reſtore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I muſt aſcend to your Lordſhip's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh. Oh, oh.—Wilt thou never leave lugging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordſhip will be pleas'd to hear reaſon. [*Pulling again.*

Grip. Take the Cup; and the Devil give thee joy on't.

Merc. ſtill holding him.] And your Lordſhip will farther be graciouſly pleas'd to releaſe all claims, titles, and actions whatſoever to *Phædra*: You muſt give me leave to add one ſmall *memento*, for that too. [*Pulling him again.*

Grip. I renounce her, I releaſe her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. to her.] *Phædra*; My Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious; without puſhing matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all: But give me Livery and Seiſin of the Gobblet, in the firſt place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion ſhou'd be paſs'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember quarrels, when he dares; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verſes with him to the end of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon *and Guards.*

Amph. (to *Gripus.*) At the laſt I have got poſſeſſion without your Lordſhip's Warrant; *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no ſuch lying Meſſage: you are not here, and you cannot be here: for, to my knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber!

Amph. All of a piece, and all Witchcraft! Anſwer me preciſely; do'ſt thou not know me for *Amphitryon?*

Phæd. Anſwer me firſt: did you give me a Diamond, and a Purſe of Gold!

Amph. Thou know'ſt I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the ſame token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*: if you are he, I am ſure I left you in bed with your own Wife: now you had beſt ſtretch out a leg; and feel about for a fair Lady.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword; and kill the Sorcerer: Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [*To the Guards.*]

Phæd. I'll ſave you the labour; and call him down to confront you; if you dare attend him. [*Exit* Phædra.

Merc. (*aſide.*) Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can enchant no more; or elſe *Amphitryon* had not enter'd ſo eaſily. [Gripus *is ſtealing off.*]——Whither now, *Gripus?* I have buſineſs for you: if you offer to ſtir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, *follow'd by* Tranio *and* Polydas.

Jupit. Who dares to play the Maſter in my Houſe?
What noiſe is this, that calls me from above,
Invades my ſoft receſs, and privacy,
And, like a Tyde, breaks in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I ſee?

Tran. What Prodigy!

Polyd. How, two *Amphitryons!*

Grip. I have beheld th' appearance of two Suns;
But ſtill the falſe was dimmer than the true;
Here, both ſhine out alike.

Amph. This is a ſight, that like the Gorgon's head,
Runs through my limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
I need no more inquire into my fate:
For what I ſee, reſolves my doubts too plain.

Tran.

Tran. Two drops of water, cannot be more like.
Polyd. They are two very ſame's.
Merc. (*aſide*) Our *Jupiter* is a great Commedian; he counterfeits moſt admirably: ſure his Prieſts have coppy'd their Hypocriſie from their Maſter.
Amph. Now, I am gather'd back into my ſelf,
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood [*Drawing his Sword*]
To give me juſt revenge on this Impoſtour. [*to the Guards.*]
If you are brave, aſſiſt me———not one ſtirs:
What are all brib'd to take th' Enchanters part?
'Tis true the work is mine; and thus.———
[*Going to ruſh upon* Jupiter; *and is held by* Tranio *and* Polydas.]
Polyd. It muſt not be.
Jupit. Give him his way: I dare the Madman's worſt:
But ſtill take notice, that it looks not like
The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out, at firſt
To brutal force: it ſhows he doubts his Cauſe,
Who dares not truſt his reaſon to defend it.
Amph. ſtruggling. Thou baſe Uſurper of my Name, and Bed;
No leſs than thy Hearts-blood can waſh away
Th' affronts I have ſuſtain'd.
Tranio. We muſt not ſuffer
So ſtrange a Duel as *Amphitryon*
To fight againſt himſelf.
Polyd. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your hands:
We know our duty to our General:
We know the tyes of Friendſhip to our Friend:
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be diſtinguiſh'd, by our reaſon:
Impoſſible by ſight.
Amph. I know it, and have ſatisfy'd my ſelf:
I am the true *Amphitryon*.
Jupit. See again.
He ſhuns the certain proofs; and dares not ſtand
Impartial Judgment, and award of right.
But ſince *Alcmena*'s honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Heav'n, and all the World, I love;
This, I propoſe, as equal to us both.
Tranio, and *Polydas*, be you Aſſiſtants,
The Guards be ready to ſecure th'Impoſtour,
When once ſo prov'd, for publick puniſhment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cauſe
Amph. I am content: let him proceed to Examination.
Grip. (*aſide to Mercury*) On whoſe ſide wou'd you pleaſe that I ſhou'd give the Sentence?
Merc. (*aſide to him*) Follow thy Conſcience for once; but not to make a Cuſtom of it neither; nor to leave an evil precedent of uprightneſs to fu-

ture Judges. (*Aside*) 'Tis a good thing to have a Magistrate under Correction: Your old fornicating Judge, dare never give Sentence against him that knows his haunts.

Polyd. Your Lordship knows I was Master of *Amphitryon*'s Ship; and desire to know of him, what pass'd in private betwixt us two, at his Landing when he was just ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* answer first.———

Jupit. & Amph. together.] My Lord I told him.———

Grip. Peace both of you:——'Tis a plain Case they are both true; for they both speak together: but for more certainty, let the false *Amphitryon* speak first.

Merc. Now they are both silent.———

Grip. Then it's as plain on t'other side, that they are both false *Amphitryons.*

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* shall speak first?

Grip. Let the Cholerick *Amphitryon* speak; and let the peaceable hold his peace.

Amph. to Polydas.] You may remember that I whisper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one single Moment.

Polyd. You did so.

Grip. No more words then; I proceed to Sentence.

Jupit. 'Twas I that whisper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this reason for it; That if our Men were beaten, I might secure my own retreat.

Polyd. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tranio. You know I was Pay-master: What directions did you give me the night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking?

Merc. (*aside*) It shou'd be a double U: but they have no such letter in their Tongue.

Amph. I order'd you to take particular care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is demonstration.

Jupit. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tyger's skin; and mark'd *Beta.*

Grip. In sadness I think they are both Jugglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing: and then *hiccius doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran. You peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag?

Jupit. The Summ in gross, amounted just to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a farthing?

Grip. Paugh: obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jupit. But the rest was not all Silver; for there were just four thousand Brass half-pence.

Grip. Being but Brass, the proof is inconsiderable: if they had been Silver, it had gone on your side.

Amph. to Jupit.] Death and Hell, you will not perswade me that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jupit.

Jupiter. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?
Amph. That laſt was poyſon to me.——(*Aſide.*)
Yet there's one proof thou canſt not counterfeit:
In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound
Full in the brawny part of my right Arm:
Where ſtill the Scar remains: now bluſh, Impoſtour;
For this thou canſt not ſhow.
[*Bares his Arm; and ſhows the Scar, which they all look on.*
Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon.*
Jupit, May your Lordſhip pleaſe.——
Grip. No, Sirrah, it does not pleaſe me: hold your tongue, I charge you; for the Caſe is manifeſt.
Jupit. By your favour then, this ſhall ſpeak for me. {*Bares his Arm; and ſhows it.*
Tran. 'Tis juſt in the ſame Muſcle.
Polyd. Of the ſame length and breadth; and the Scar of the ſame blewiſh colour.
Grip. to Jupit.] Did not I charge you not to ſpeak? 'twas plain enough before: and now you have puzzled it again.
Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!
Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he muſt have been in the Plot againſt himſelf too: for he was kill'd firſt by one of them; and then riſe again out of reſpect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, *and* Bromia.

Alcm. turning to Phæd. and Brom. No more of this; it ſounds impoſſible
That two ſhou'd be ſo like, no difference found.
Phæd. You'll find it true.
Alcm. Then where's *Alcmena*'s honour and her fame?
Farewell my needleſs fear; it cannot be:
This is a Caſe too nice for vulgar ſight:
But let me come; my Heart will guide my Eyes
To point and tremble to its proper choice.
[*Seeing* Amphitryon, *goes to him.*]
There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;
And I am only his——[*Goes to take him by the Hand.*
Amph. puſhing her away from him. Away, Adultreſs!
Jupit. My gentle Love: my Treaſure and my Joy;
Follow no more, that falſe and fooliſh Fire,
That wou'd miſlead thy Fame to ſure Deſtruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee lyable to ſcorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch
Who wou'd by baſe aſperſions blot thy vertue.
Alcm. going to him, who embraces her. I was indeed miſtaken; thou art he!
Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon.*

Th'Impoſtour has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my choice
Thy kindneſs is a guide that cannot err.

Amph. What in my preſence to prefer the Villain!
O execrable cheat! I break the truce;
And will no more attend your vain deciſions;
To this——and to the Gods I'll truſt my cauſe.

[*Is ruſhing upon* Jupiter, *and is held again.*

Jupit. Poor Man; how I contemn thoſe Idle threats!
Were I diſpos'd, thou might'ſt as ſafely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*:)
(Nor *Jove* need bluſh to be *Alcmena*'s Champion)
But in the Face of *Thebes* ſhe ſhall be clear'd:
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.
Attend, and I will bring convincing proof.

Amph. Thou wou'dſt elude my Juſtice, and eſcape;
But I will follow thee, through Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell ſhall hide thee, from my juſt revenge.

Jupit. I'll ſpare thy pains: it ſhall be quickly ſeen,
Betwixt us two, who ſeeks and who avoids.——
Come in my Friends: and thou who ſeem'ſt *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in doubt may know the true.

Jupiter *re-enters the Houſe: with him* Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, Tranio, *and Guards.*

Merc. to Grip. and Brom. who are following. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*; ſtay with *Phædra*:
Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours:
Amphitryon's Rival ſhall appear a God:
But know before-hand, I am *Mercury*;
Who want not Heav'n, while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip, is my Fellow *Phædra* to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and made a Star?

Phæd. When that comes to paſs, if you Look up a-nights, I ſhall remember old kindneſs, and vouchſafe to twinkle on you.

Enter Soſia, *peeping about him: and ſeeing* Mercury, *is ſtarting back.*

Soſ. Here he is again; and there's no paſſing by him into the Houſe, unleſs I were a Spright, to glide in through the Key-hole.——I am to be a Vagabond I find.

Merc. Soſia, come back.

Soſ. No I thank you; you may whiſtle me long enough; a beaten Dog has always the wit to avoid his Maſter.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Soſia* again.

Soſ. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he that has an itch to be beaten, let him take it up for *Soſia*;——What have I ſaid now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be *Soſia*.

Merc. But

Merc. But thou may'ſt be ſo in ſafety: for I have acknowledg'd my ſelf to be God *Mercury*.

Soſ. You may be a God, for ought I know; but the Devil take me if ever I worſhip you; for an unmerciful Deity, as you are.

Merc. You ought to take it for an honour to be drubb'd by the hand of a Divinity.

Soſ. I am your moſt humble Servant, good Mr. God; but by the faith of a Mortal, I cou'd well have ſpar'd the honour that you did me. But how ſhall I be ſure that you will never aſſume my ſhape again?

Merc. Becauſe I am weary of wearing ſo villanous an outſide.

Soſ. Well, well; as villanous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am ſure that I may chaſtiſe you ſafely: and that there's no God, lurking under your appearance.

Soſ. Ay; but you had beſt take heed how you attempt it: for as *Mercury* has turn'd himſelf into me, ſo I may take the toy into my head, to turn my ſelf into *Mercury*, that I may ſwinge you off, condignly.

Merc. In the mean time, be all my Witneſſes, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the left hand; that is, in the nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You ſhall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: for you have a terrible ill name below: and I am afraid you'll get a Footman, inſtead of a Prieſt, to Marry us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* ſhall draw up Articles betwixt us.

Phæd. But he's damnably us'd to falſe Conveyancing:——Well, be it ſo: for my Counſel ſhall over-look 'em before I Sign: Come on, *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white. [*Here* Gripus *gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my heart; that I may have thee under black and white hereafter.

Phæd. to Gripus.] Begin, begin; Heads of Articles to be made, *&c.* betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves——

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypſies.——*Imprimis*, I promiſe to buy and ſettle upon her an Eſtate, containing Nine thouſand Acres of Land, in any part of *Bœotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no part of the ſaid Nine thouſand Acres ſhall be upon, or adjoyning to Mount *Parnaſſus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a Poetical Eſtate.

Merc. *Memorandum*, that ſhe be always conſtant to me; and admit no other Lover.

Phæd. *Memorandum*, unleſs it be a Lover that offers more: and that the Conſtancy ſhall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. *Item*, that ſhe ſhall keep no Male Servants in her Houſe: *Item*, no Rival Lap-Dog for a Bedfellow: *Item*, that ſhe ſhall never pray to any of the Gods.

Phæd. What, wou'd you have me an Atheiſt?

Merc. No Devotion to any He-Deity, good *Phædra*.

Brom. Here's no proviſion made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well

Phæd. Well remember'd, *Bromia*: I bargain that my Eldeſt Son ſhall be a Hero, and my Eldeſt Daughter a King's Miſtreſs.

Merc. That is to ſay, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra*.

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em ſo? Then for the Younger Children:——but now I think on't, we'll have no more, but Maſs and Miſs; for the reſt wou'd be but chargeable, and a burden to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the Second ſhall be a Falſe Prophet: he ſhall have Wit enough to ſet up a new Religion: and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-money, and Ali-money, and Seperate maintenance, and a thouſand things more to be conſider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Soſ. I am a Fool, I muſt confeſs; but yet I can ſee as far into a Mill-ſtone as the beſt of you: I have obſerv'd that you Women-Wits are commonly ſo quick upon the ſcent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in caſe Mr. Heaven there, ſhou'd be pleas'd to break theſe Articles, in what Court of Judicature ſhe intends to ſue him?

Phæd. The fool has hit upon't:——Gods, and great Men, are never to be ſued; for they can always plead priviledge of Peerage: and therefore for once, Mounſieur, I'll take your word; for as long as you love me you'll be ſure to keep it: and in the mean time I ſhall be gaining experience how to manage ſome rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It Thunders; and the Company within doors: Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polydas, *and* Tranio, *all come running out, and joyn with the reſt, who were on the Theatre before.*

Amph. Sure 'tis ſome God: he vaniſh'd from our ſight,
And told us, we ſhou'd ſee him ſoon return.

Alcm. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear.
A ſimple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconſenting Innocence is loſt.

A ſecond Peal of Thunder. After which, Jupiter *appears in a Machine.*

Jupit. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above,
Th' Impoſtour God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own ſhape, ſee *Jupiter* appear,
And let that ſight, ſecure thy jealous fear.
Diſgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to boaſt:
No Fame, in *Jove*'s Concurrence can be loſt:
What he enjoys, he ſanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking, ſtamps into a price.
'Tis I, who ought to murmur at my Fate;
Forc'd by my Love, my Godhead to tranſlate;
When on no other terms I cou'd poſſeſs,
But by thy form, thy features, and thy dreſs;
To thee were giv'n the Bleſſings that I ſought,
Which elſe, not all the bribes of Heav'n had bought.

Then

Then take into thy Arms thy envy'd Love;
And, in his own deſpight, triumph o'er *Jove*.

Merc. (*aſide.*) } *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, both ſtand mute, and know not how to take it,
Soſia. (*aſide.*) } Our Soveraign Lord *Jupiter* is a ſly Companion; he knows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jupit. From this auſpicious Night, ſhall riſe an Heir,
Great, like his Sire, and like his Mother, fair:
Wrongs to redreſs, and Tyrants to diſſeize;
Born for a World, that wants a *Hercules*.
Monſters, and Monſter-men he ſhall ingage,
And toil, and ſtruggle, through an Impious Age.
Peace to his Labours, ſhall at length ſucceed;
And murm'ring Men, unwilling to be freed,
Shall be compell'd to Happineſs, by need.

[Jupiter *is carry'd back to Heaven.*

Omnes. We all Congratulate *Amphitryon*.

Merc. Keep your Congratulations to your ſelves, Gentlemen: 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the leſs that is ſaid of it, the better. Upon the whole matter, if *Amphitryon* takes the favour of *Jupiter* in patience, as from a God, he's a good Heathen.

Soſia. I muſt take a little extraordinary pains to night, that my Spouſe may come even with her Lady, and produce a Squire to attend on young *Hercules*, when he goes out to ſeek Adventures; that when his Maſter kills a Man, he may ſtand ready to pick his Pockets; and piouſly relieve his Aged Parents. Ah, *Bromia*, *Bromia*; if thou hadſt been as handſome and as young as *Phædra*; I ſay no more, but ſome-body might have made his Fortunes as well as his Maſter, and never the worſe Man neither.

For, let the wicked World ſay what they pleaſe,
The fair Wife makes her Husband live at eaſe:
The Lover keeps him too; and but receives
Like *Jove*, the remnants that *Amphitryon* leaves:
'Tis true, the Lady has enough in ſtore,
To ſatisfie thoſe two, and eke, two more:
In fine, the Man, who weighs the matter fully,
Wou'd rather be the Cuckold, than the Cully.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Phædra. Mrs. Mountfort.

I'M thinking, (and it almoſt makes me mad,)
How ſweet a time thoſe Heathen Ladies had.
Idolatry, was even their Gods own Trade;
They Worſhipt the fine Creatures they had made.
Cupid, was chief of all the Deities;
And Love was all the faſhion, in the Skies.
When the ſweet Nymph, held up the Lilly hand,
Jove was her humble Servant, at Command.
The Treaſury of Heav'n was ne're ſo bare,
But ſtill there was a Penſion for the Fair,
In all his Reign, Adultry was no Sin;
For Jove, the good Example did begin.
Mark, too, when he uſurp'd the Husband's name,
How civilly he ſav'd the Lady's fame.
The ſecret Joys of Love, he wiſely hid;
But you, Sirs, boaſt of more, than e'er you did.
You teize your Cuckolds; to their face torment 'em.
But Jove gave his, new Honours to content 'em.
And, in the kind remembrance of the Fair,
On each exalted Son, beſtow'd a Star.
For thoſe good deeds, as by the date appears,
His Godſhip, flouriſh'd full Two thouſand Years.
At laſt, when He and all his Prieſts grew old,
The Ladies grew in their Devotion cold;
And, that falſe Worſhip wou'd no longer hold.

Severity of Life did next begin;
(And always does, when we no more can Sin.)
That Doctrine, too, ſo hard, in Practice, lyes,
That, the next Age may ſee another riſe.
Then, Pagan Gods, may, once again, ſucceed;
And Jove, or Mars, be ready, at our need,
To get young Godlings; and, ſo, mend our breed.

FINIS.